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THE AMEER'S MESSAGE.

I.

ABDURRAHMAN, the Duráni Khán, to the Ghilzaie chief wrote he :
 "God has made me Ameer of the Affgháns, but thou on thy hills art free.
 I rule by the sword and signet; I care not to flatter or bribe;
 I take nor fee nor service of the noble Ghilzaie tribe;
 Nor pledge nor promise I ask of thee; I pardon, if all men know
 That thy heart has been hard against me, and thy friend has been my foe.
 For the sons of Sher Ali are exiles, their best men broken or fled;
 And those who escaped are homeless, and all who remained are dead.
 Such is the work of the Merciful, whose will is to smite or to save;
 It is he gives wealth and vengeance, or tears o'er a bloodstained grave.
 Now, while the swords are a moment still, 'ere ever fresh blood shall run,
 I look for a wise man's counsel, and I would that Affgháns were one.
 From Merv, last home of the free-lance, the clansmen are scattering far,
 And the Turkmán horses are harnessed to the guns of the Russian czar.
 So choose thou of all my liegemen, or choose thou of all my host,
 One true man, loyal-hearted, whomever thou trustest most,
 Whom thy tribe has known and honored, to bring thee in safety and peace;
 Thou shalt ride unscathed to Kabul, and the feud of our lives shall cease."

II.

The Ghilzaie chief wrote answer: "Our paths are narrow and steep,
 The sun burns fierce in the valleys, and the snow-fed streams run deep;
 The fords of the Kabul river are watched by the Afridee;
 We harried his folk last springtide, and he keeps good memory.
 High stands thy Kabul citadel, where many have room and rest;
 The Ameer's give welcome entry, but they speed not a parting guest;
 So a stranger needs safe escort, and the oath of a valiant friend.
 Whom shall I choose of those I know? whom ask the Ameer to send?
 Wilt thou send the Vazir, Noor Ahmed, the man whom the Ghilzaies trust?
 He has long lain lost in a dungeon, his true, bold heart is dust.
 Wilt thou send the Jamsheedee Aga, who was called from the western plain?
 He left the black tents of his horsemen, and he led them never again.
 Shall I ask for the Moollah, in Ghuzni, to whom all Affgháns rise?
 He was bid last year to thy banqueting — his soul is in Paradise.

Where is the chief Faizullah, to pledge me the word of his clan?

He is far from his pine-clad highlands, and the vineyards of Kohistán;
 He is gone with the rest — all vanished; he passed through thy citadel gate.
 Will they come now, these I have chosen? I watch for their faces, and wait;
 For the night-shade falls over Kabul, and dark is the downward track,
 And the guardian hills ring an echo of voices that warn me back;
 Let the Ghilzaie bide on his mountain, and depart, as thy message has said,
 When but one sure friend the Ameer shall send, — when the tombs give up their dead."

National Review.

ALFRED C. LYALL.

TRANSLATION.

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

OUR God's a fastness sure indeed,
 A trusty shield and weapon;
 He helps us free in every need
 That unto us may happen.
 The old wicked foe
 Now in earnest doth go,
 Deep wiles and great might
 In his fell store unite, —
 The earth holds not his fellow.

By strength of ours is nothing done,
 Full soon are we dejected!
 But on our side's a champion
 By God himself elected.
 And who may that be?
 Christ Jesus is he,
 The Lord God of Hosts!
 All gods else are vain boasts,
 Our camp is in his keeping.

Though demons rage both far and near,
 And gape our souls to swallow;
 Not all too great shall be our fear;
 Success our steps shall follow.
 The prince of this world,
 Though threats he hath hurled,
 To us can do nought,
 For if to judgment brought
 One word declares his sentence.

To let the word stand they are fain,
 And small thereby their merit;
 He dwells among us on the plain
 With gifts and with his spirit.
 What though they take life,
 Goods, name, child, and wife,
 We need not rebel —
 No profit those to hell,
 While ours must be the kingdom.

Academy.

R. M'LINTOCK.

From The Quarterly Review.

PETER THE GREAT.*

WHEN, twelve years ago, the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great tsar was celebrated in the capital which bears his name, among the measures taken to impress upon the world the vastness of the space which he occupies in its history was an endeavor to form a complete catalogue of the literary works, in other languages than Russian, which have him and his doings for their subject. The result was certainly of a very imposing character. That the hero of Muscovite story and legend, who was the first to force his native country on the astonished eyes of Europe, and who virtually founded the huge empire which stretches right across two continents from the Baltic to the Pacific, should have come to fill an immense place in the literature of his own land, could have excited no surprise; but it was a very different thing to discover him almost equally present in all the languages of Europe. Yet it was no less than this which the attempt brought to light. The issue of it was a thick volume, edited by R. Minzloff, under the title "*Pierre le Grand dans la littérature étrangère*," and containing notices of above a thousand distinct works, which fill many times that number of volumes, and are all devoted to the elucidation, in one way or other, of this extraordinary man. Without adventuring on the enormous mass of similar works which are locked up in the Russian tongue, the graver reader may here make his choice among some six dozen formal biographies, and the reader of lighter tastes among a score of different collections of anecdotes, besides numerous poems and dramas, parallels, eulogies, and critiques; while for the student of history there are scores of contemporary memoirs, many voluminous collections of historical documents relative to the transactions of Peter's reign, and special treatises almost beyond enumeration on his wars, treaties, reforms, and other particular points of his

policy and administration. It would be no exaggeration to say that he has a monument in the literature of the civilized world not less remarkable, and perhaps even of more enduring quality, than the splendid equestrian effigy of him in bronze which rears its colossal proportions in front of the cathedral of St Petersburg.

The earliest serious endeavor to write the life of Peter for European readers was made nearly forty years after his death by Voltaire, whose agreeably written work still retains, we believe, much of its popularity as a schoolbook, notwithstanding the superficial and inadequate character imposed upon it by the reluctance of its lively author to submit to the labor of grappling with the numerous bundles of dry historical papers, placed for the purpose in his hands. Its key-note is to be found in the terse phrase in which the debt of Russia to its renowned tsar is summed up. One is reminded by it of Pope's well-known couplet, designed for an epitaph to commemorate the creative energy of Sir Isaac Newton in the domain of physical science:—

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.

After describing the previous chaotic and barbarous condition of the country, and saying that before the time of Peter Russia had not a single vessel on the seas, nor even a word in its language for a fleet; that military discipline was entirely unknown in it, the most rudimentary manufactures received no encouragement, and even agriculture, the basis of all prosperity, was neglected; Voltaire, with a flash of epigrammatic genius, indicates in a single smart phrase how the country sprang from its torpor into vigorous life as soon as the destined regenerator appeared on the scene: "*Enfin Pierre naquit et la Russie fut formée*." And this, in spite of the flavor of exaggeration in the phrase, has become the accepted sentiment, not in Russia alone but generally, about the making of that immense empire. Not that protests against this estimate of Peter's achievement were not heard at the time, before the lapse of years had cast a softening veil over his vices and cruelties; a curious instance of which

* *Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia: A Study of Historical Biography.* By Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D., LL.D., Author of "Turkistan." 2 vols. London, 188

may be found in an anonymous satire, representing the shade of the hero addressing his biographer in the following terms: "You repeat a thousand times that I was a great man. I should never myself have suspected it, and I cannot believe that the world is of your opinion. All I did was to give my people certain arts, which I should assuredly have driven out of the country if I had found my people already in possession of them." But in Russia itself the debt was never questioned. How accurately Voltaire reflected the native feeling towards the memory of Peter, was strikingly shown, when an enthusiastic thanksgiving service was held in the cathedral of the capital in 1770, for the naval victory won by Count Orlof over the Turks off the island of Scio, which ended, thanks to English assistance, in the total destruction by fire of the Ottoman fleet. In the middle of his sermon the preacher descended from the pulpit, and crossing over to the tomb of Peter embraced it amidst the acclamations of the vast assemblage, exclaiming with tears of gratitude, "It is you who have gained for us this triumph, for it was you who built our first ship!"

Since Voltaire's time hundreds of hands have labored to correct and enlarge his sketch, and to present the character and work of Peter the Great under every possible aspect. Yet, at least in English literature, room was still left for another endeavor to separate the legendary from the historical part of his story, and to give an unimpassioned and impartial account, drawn from original sources, of what this barbaric hero really was in himself, and with how much of the regeneration of Russia he may be justly credited. The special qualifications of Mr. Schuyler for supplying what was yet wanting may be gathered from the statement in his preface to the two bulky volumes before us; where he informs the reader that they are "founded on the diligent study of original documents in the archives of various countries, of the Russian collections of laws and State papers, of the memoirs and accounts of Peter's contemporaries, of the works of Russian historians, and of most of the important works written on

the subject by foreigners." No one could have done what Mr. Schuyler has accomplished, without that familiar acquaintance with the Russian language, and that free access to the masses of historical documents stored up in the Russian archives, which his diplomatic position and experiences fortunately brought within his reach. By the help of these rare advantages, he has been enabled to test the current popular versions of the story, to modify them where they are erroneous, to supplement them where they are defective, and to give us the rugged, passionate figure of Peter in its native unadorned simplicity and truth. His style neither possesses, nor makes pretensions to, brilliancy. From cover to cover his volumes will be searched in vain for dramatic narrative, elaborate word-painting, sparkling antithesis, or subtle delineations of character. Their pervading features are plainness of diction, calmness of tone, impartiality, and homely good sense. The tale is simply told, and the reader is left very much to himself to form his own judgment on the subject of it. We cannot, without a considerable amount of qualification, call it pleasant reading; but that is almost as much the fault of the substance of the narrative as of the outward form in which the narrator has clothed it. The story of Peter reeks too strongly of barbarism, brandy, and blood, to suit the taste of outsiders; the hot spice of native patriotism is needed to render it palatable. One thing we miss, for which we should have been thankful if Mr. Schuyler had seen fit to give it; and that is, a critical summing up and final sentence, as the issue and crown of the narration. As it is, the author's judgment on the subject of his biographical portraiture must be read between the lines; and, seeking it there, our inference is, that in Mr. Schuyler's eyes Peter was an ingrained barbarian to the last, and that the eccentric genius and turbulent energy which illuminated his extraordinary career were by no means productive of unmixt benefit for his country.

From this estimate, which, as we have said, is contained by implication in these volumes, rather than put forth in any precise and definite statement, we are not

inclined to dissent. Only, in expressing our general concurrence with it, we would guard ourselves against doing injustice to the great tsar, by frankly allowing that the revolting and monstrous half of his character was a fatal inheritance, for which it would be hard to hold him strictly responsible. When we undertake to sit in judgment upon him, very large allowance must in fairness be made for his faults, on the score of the race out of which he sprang, and the social barbarism amidst which he had his bringing up. If he was coarse, sensual, cruel, alternating between fits of outrageous folly and demoniacal ferocity, in all that he was little else than the old Russian stock impersonated in a colossal form, with a fiery, explosive temperament, which was always goading him into extremes and allowed no repose. His genius was his own; his savagery he shared with his country at large. And since the apology for his vices and devilries is to be found in his ancestry and surroundings, we feel that it will not be possible for us to present him fairly to our readers, without first giving a somewhat fuller picture of the Russia into which he was born than Mr. Schuyler has had room to put before us.

Jealously closed as the Muscovite dominions for the most part were, before the time of Peter, against the curiosity of the civilized world, glimpses of them were now and then obtained and put on record, which, taken together, are sufficient to enable us to form a tolerably complete idea of their condition. For the seventy years, especially, preceding Peter's birth, we have a series of notices of the state of society and the manners of the inhabitants, from peasant to noble and tsar, furnished by eye-witnesses, whom business of one kind or another led to face the difficulties of penetrating into the country, and residing for a time in its chief towns, and who consequently enjoyed ample opportunities for observation. Of these, four may be singled out for mention, as giving testimony on which full reliance may be placed. First comes Margeret, the captain of a French trading vessel, a shrewd observer, who visited Russia at the commencement of the seventeenth

century, and on his return was commissioned by Henry IV. of France to draw up an account of what he had seen. His narrative excited great interest, and has been frequently reprinted. Next follows the "Relation" of the Earl of Carlisle's embassy, sent to the tsar Alexis, Peter's father, in 1663, by our Charles II. This was written by one of the suite, and enjoyed a large circulation both in English and French. Later, we have the "Present State of Russia," by Dr. Samuel Collins, who for nine years was physician to the same tsar Alexis. And lastly comes the "*Relation curieuse et nouvelle de Moscovie*," by a Frenchman, Foy de la Neuville, who was commissioned to pick up information respecting the Russian policy, and made his way to Moscow in the character of an envoy from the king of Poland. This was in 1689, when, after the death of their brother Theodore, the lads Ivan and Peter were joint tsars, under the regency of their sister Sophia. All these works speak with one voice of the strangeness, the poverty, and the general barbarism, of the Muscovite people; and putting together the details given in them, with the addition of a few particulars gleaned from other contemporary sources, we obtain a picture of the Russia of that century which may be accepted without misgiving, notwithstanding the strong contrast which it presents to the Russia of the present time. That picture we will endeavor briefly to sketch in outline.

Hemmed in, at that period, on the west by Sweden and Poland, and on the south by the yet unbroken empire of Turkey, Russia did not possess a single province that touched either the Baltic or the Black Sea; its only port and means of commercial intercourse with the rest of Europe being Archangel, on the White Sea, which was visited by a few adventurous English vessels in the summer months, after the breaking up of the ice in the polar ocean. So mean and insignificant was this single avenue of foreign trade, that it had not been thought worth while to station a British consul there, and the English factory, if the establishment might be dignified by such a title, was a rude log hut. Of the interior of the

country a large part was a boundless expanse of forest and morass, overrun by hungry troops of wolves, and occupied by a sparse population, mostly serfs, roughly calculated at an average of about five to the square mile. The roads were scarcely passable, except by sledges in the prolonged winter season; and travelling was all the more inconvenient from the entire absence of inns or any places of hospitable entertainment. Strangers, whose olfactory nerves had not had time to undergo a Russian course of discipline, shrank with horror from the squalid dwellings scattered along the routes; and, when forced to enter them for temporary shelter, were compelled to take the preliminary precaution of having all the windows thrown open to render the atmosphere endurable. Moscow, the capital, said to contain half a million of inhabitants, was chiefly composed of small wooden houses, described as being no better than the pigsties of France or Germany; and its streets, instead of being paved, were laid with transverse faggots or logs of pine-wood. Fires were so frequent as to attract little attention, unless the conflagration spread over thousands of the wretched hovels at a stroke. Plenty of churches existed, but mostly very small and mean; and in illustration of the intelligence of Russian devotion, we are told that at Whitsuntide the custom was to strew them with branches from the sycamore-tree, under the fond persuasion that it was on the foliage of that tree that the Holy Spirit preferred to come down, as manna was supposed to descend on the leaves of the oak. The most esteemed and popular priests, it is added, were those who could mumble off the greatest number of prayers in a breath.

Of the character and habits of the people during the seventeenth century, our authorities concur in giving a very unprepossessing account. Margeret describes them as coarse and bearish, destitute of courtesy, addicted to the most shameful vices, without faith, without law, and without conscience. Collings, whose long residence in the country made him unusually familiar with their ways, asserts that in most of their actions they differed from all other nations, and were so full of madness that all the hellebore of Anticyra could not have purged it away. He adds, in corroboration, that when some ingenious foreigner was employed to make some public clocks for the capital, he constructed them with a fixed pointer and revolving dial; and justified the eccen-

tricity by saying that, as the Russians acted in a contrary way to all other people, it was proper that their clocks should be fashioned so as to match them. At the close of the century De Neuville finds no improvement worth speaking of in the Russian character; his verdict upon the people is that they were barbarians, suspicious, cruel, gluttonous, miserly, cowardly, filthy in their habits, and addicted to abominable vices. In support of these testimonies reference may also be made to the experience of the celebrated Scotchman, Patrick Gordon, who in 1661 entered Russia to take military service under the tsar Alexis, and afterwards rose to be generalissimo of Peter's army. Readers of Byron's letters to Mr. Murray may recollect his doggerel on this famous adventurer:—

Then you've General Gordon,
Who girded his sword on,
To serve with a Muscovite master,
And help him to polish
A nation so owlsh
They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

From the diary of Gordon we learn that when he first crossed the Russian frontier from Poland, such was the sickening disgust which he felt at the stench and nastiness of the squalid towns, the extraordinary moroseness and stinginess of the people, and their outrageous hostility to foreigners, that he had much ado to abstain from breaking short his engagement, and turning his back on such a cursed land. A couple of years afterwards we find the gentlemen of Lord Carlisle's embassy complaining bitterly, that in the quarters assigned them in Moscow by the government they were required to herd together in a single ill-furnished sleeping-room, and were told in derision that it was their best protection against being carried off by the rats. The barbarous custom of pigging together, and sleeping naked in foul coverings, was common among all ranks down to the end of Peter's reign. How the representatives of the tsars showed abroad, on the rare occasions of missions to foreign courts, has been made familiar to most readers of history by Lord Macaulay's account of the Russian embassy to London in 1662. It is not easy to forget his sketch of them in their barbaric magnificence and loathsomeness; dropping pearls and vermin from their persons; so gorgeously arrayed that everybody crowded to stare at them, and so filthy that no one dared to touch them.

In keeping with such habits was the

state of the country, as regards education, manufactures, and the arts which beautify life. Few persons could write, or even read; and books were so scanty, that even a high ecclesiastic's library would comprise little more than a few unbound manuscript rolls. When Peter visited the archbishop's library at Lambeth, his limited experience even of the outside of books was shown by his exclamation, that he could not have believed that there were so many volumes in the whole world. The universal sack-like dress of the people struck travellers in Russia as monstrously uncouth; their feeding as coarse and disgusting; their manners as destitute of polish and elegance; their dancing as mere clumsy and indecent posturing; their music as simply execrable discord. Of this last we glean from our authorities two amusing notices. On their entry in state through the walls of Moscow, Lord Carlisle's party were struck with alarm at an outburst of noise, which suggested the occurrence of some serious tumult or disaster; but on its turning out to be nothing more than a harmless welcome by the tsar's trumpeters, they had a good laugh over it, comparing it to an exaggerated cackling of all the geese which saved the Capitol. Collings piles up his sarcasm with a more liberal hand:—

If you would please a Russian with music [he writes] get a concert of Billingsgate nightingales, which joined with a flight of screech owls, a nest of jackdaws, a pack of hungry wolves, seven hogs in a winter's day, and as many cats with their co-rivals, and let them sing *Lacrymæ*, and that will ravish a pair of Russian lugs better than all the music in Italy, light airs in France, marches of England, or the jigs of Scotland.

One barbaric custom, which figures prominently in all our accounts, was the universal practice of the women, even of the lowest ranks, to smear their faces thickly with coarse paint; much to the discomfiture, we are told, of the courtly Howard, when his politeness led him to salute the cheeks of the priest's wife who entertained him at one of the halting-places between Archangel and Moscow. Another and worse item in the long catalogue of the faults imputed to the Russian people was the all-prevalent drunkenness. Brandy and other fiery spirits were evermore streaming down their seasoned throats. Their only form of entertainment was the drinking orgie, which often ended with the burning down of the house, and always with the insensibility of the

guests. Ministers of State could not transact business with foreign envoys without swilling cups of ardent liquors with them, nor could the chief festivals of the Church be duly honored unless men, women, and clergy got drunk before the celebration was over. In carnival time, such was the frenzied intoxication of the crowds which roystered through the streets of Moscow, that foreigners, upon whom the native population at all times looked askance, dared not for their lives stir out of doors.

Another token of the social barbarism, on which our reporters lay much stress, was found in the position assigned to the female sex. Even a tsar's daughters had much to complain of; for they were very seldom allowed to marry, and they were generally immured for life in a convent. In all ranks the women were treated as inferior beings, and governed by the lash; and, except in the case of the peasants and serfs, an almost Oriental seclusion was their lot. A husband might flog his wife at his pleasure, and even if she died under his hand, the criminal law failed to touch him. The wife, on the other hand, who might be goaded by his cruelty to the murder of her husband, was ruthlessly buried alive. Collings gives us some curious details, which occasionally provoke a reminiscence of African savagery. At marriages, for instance, when the bride stepped out of church, handfuls of hops were thrown over her, with the wish that her children might be as numerous; or a clerk clad in sheepskin saluted her with the prayer that her sons might be as many as there were hairs on his jacket. Her duty, on reaching her new home, was to pull off one of her husband's boots, a whip being concealed in one of them, and a jewel in the other; if she chanced to light on the latter, she had it for her pains; but if on the whip, by ill luck, she got a smart bride-lash over her shoulders, the earnest-penny of her future entertainment. Obesity seems, as with many other savages, to have been the woman's most attractive charm. Small feet and slender waists were accounted ugly, and a lean woman was shunned as unwholesome. "Those inclined to be meagre," says Collings, "give themselves up to all manner of epicurism on purpose to fatten themselves, and lie abed all day long drinking Russian brandy, which will fatten extremely; then they sleep, and afterwards drink again, like swine designed to make bacon." Besides, he adds, to give a fashionable shape to their eyes, they strain

them up so hard by their head-tyres, as to make it difficult to close them; and they stain their very eyeballs black, as well as their teeth.

What our travellers report of the method employed to select wives for the tsars affords further illustration of the backwardness of Muscovite civilization in that century. Instead of seeking suitable alliances with foreign courts, or among the noble families at home, the custom was, when a tsar was to be married, to issue a proclamation, inviting all marriageable girls of good position and tolerable pretensions to beauty, to present themselves at Moscow on a given day for his tsarish Majesty's inspection; and after a careful scrutiny of the hundreds of fair candidates for the great matrimonial prize, the royal choice was announced to the nation. But there was still room for the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip. Disappointed families were apt to seek revenge for the failure of their candidate, by endeavoring to "get at" and disable the successful beauty. In 1617, one of these brides-elect was drugged by the ruling clique at court, and thrown into such a state of apparent disease, that she was pronounced incurable, and banished with all her relatives to Siberia. Soon afterwards another actually died of foul play, on the very day fixed for her wedding. When Peter's father, the tsar Alexis, was contracting his first marriage in 1647, and the elect maiden was being arrayed in the royal robes, the ladies-in-waiting were bribed to twist her hair so tightly that she swooned in his presence, and the complaisant physicians were induced to declare her hopelessly epileptic, with the usual result of exile to Siberia. Peter's own mother, the pretty dark-haired Natalia Naryshkin, who became the second wife of Alexis, narrowly escaped a similar fate. She was the niece by marriage, and also the ward, of the tsar's principal minister, Matveof; at whose house the royal widower noticed her when she brought in the refreshments, fell in love with her, and offered her marriage. It happened that a proclamation had been already issued, summoning candidates for the tsar's hand to present themselves in Moscow for his inspection and choice; and at Matveof's entreaty, to give less handle for jealous intrigue and opposition, the girl was directed to present herself with the rest, and appear to take her chance among them. The expedient, however, failed of success. As soon as the royal selection was known, every engine

was set in motion to render it abortive. Her guardian was accused of bewitching the tsar with magic and sorcery; a long investigation followed, carried on, as usual, by the free infliction of torture on all concerned; and nine months passed before the intriguers were baffled and the marriage was solemnized.

This mention of torture brings us to the last which we shall specify of the barbaric features of the old Russia, out of which Peter sprang. His father was considered unusually mild and gentle for a tsar, and, indeed, had been named "the most Debonair;" but even under his reign there were fifty official executioners in Moscow, whose hands were incessantly red with their ghastly functions. Every judicial investigation involved the infliction of horrible tortures all round: torture of suspected persons to extort confession; torture of witnesses supposed to know more than they revealed; torture of criminals to force them to betray their accomplices. Sometimes it was inflicted by the alternate strokes of rods wielded by a couple of executioners, who kept time in hammering away at the bare back of the prostrate victim, as smiths are accustomed to hammer at an anvil. Sometimes by the horrible flail-like knout, which cut a deep furrow at every stroke, till the back was ribbed and crossed from top to bottom. Sometimes by the continual dropping of boiling water on the top of the head after it had been shaved. Sometimes by roasting the naked back of the accused over a fire, above which he was suspended horizontally by a wooden spit. Hanging and decapitation were the most common methods of inflicting capital punishment, when their work had not already been done in the torture-chamber; but suspension from hooks through the flesh, breaking alive on the wheel, and impalement on stakes, were by no means unfrequent. Even private individuals enjoyed a large freedom to torture and kill their serfs and dependents, of which ample advantage was taken; and even as late as the regency of Sophia, Peter's half-sister, a special edict was required to deprive creditors of the right to make perpetual slaves of their insolvent debtors, and even to maim and kill them at their pleasure.

Repulsive as many of these details are, it has been necessary to our purpose to exhibit them, since they furnish the key to the amazing mixture of savagery with genius in the character and habits of Peter the Great. Of that old Russia which we have described he was the genu-

ine, full-blooded child; its manners, its vices, its barbaric coarseness and cruelty, all found expression in him, and attained their full growth under the impulse of his strong animal passions — passions so fierce that one of his physicians averred that he was possessed by a whole legion of the demons of sensuality. When we take account of the stock from which he was bred, and the surroundings amidst which he grew up; when we watch him passing through his boyhood without the discipline of education, or the influences of refining companionship, and in the hot flush of youth becoming absolute irresponsible master, not only of himself, but of a whole nation which lay prostrate at his feet, and failed to supply even a public sentiment to curb the caprices of his autocratic will: the evil side of his character ceases to be a mystery to our minds, and in proportion to the abatement of our wonder at it, our moral judgment is persuaded to admit a palliating plea for his terrible eccentricities and crimes.

In this connection some account must be taken of a morbid affection, spreading its malign influence over mind and body alike, to which Peter was subject from his youth. Of its origin different accounts are given. By some writers it is ascribed to a shock he received in his early boyhood, just after his election to the throne instead of his imbecile elder brother Ivan, when the insurgent Streltsi or Janissaries, who formed the only soldiery of old Russia, burst into the room where his mother was sheltering him, and, dragging her uncle Matveof from her protecting arms, savagely cut the old statesman to pieces. Others attribute it to poison administered by his sister, the regent Sophia, to secure the throne for herself and her paramour, Prince Golitsyn. Whatever its cause, it gave a sinister look to one of Peter's eyes, produced involuntary twitchings in his facial muscles, and rendered him liable to fits of gloom and nervousness, attended by distressing spasms and convulsions. These fits were compared to the demonic seizures, from which the first king of Israel found relief in the sweet sounds of the harp of David; but the remedy employed for them was curiously different. From M. Staehlin-Storcksborg, whose position in the Russian court shortly after Peter's death enabled him to collect authentic information about the famous tsar, we learn that as soon as the fit came on, the practice was to lay hold of any pretty and lively young woman who was at hand, and push her into the tsar's

room with the words, "Here, Peter Alexievich, is the lady you wished to see."

The surprise [says our author] occasioned by the sight of a pretty face, a handsome shape, and the pleasure of soft conversation, gave a turn to the animal spirits; his convulsions soon ceased, and after a few minutes of this innocent and unexpected enjoyment, he recovered his former serenity of countenance, and appeared in the highest good humor.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense," we hope may be justly said of this prescription for the royal disorder. The morbid affection, at any rate, is so well-attested a fact, that it must stand for something in the strange tale of Peter's life.

As our object is limited to presenting a sketch of Peter's peculiar character and genius, we shall not trouble the reader with any more historical details than are needed to serve as a framework for our illustrations. Born in the summer of 1672, Peter was in his fourth year when his father died and was succeeded by his eldest son, the sickly Theodore, then fourteen years old, who reigned six years, and left no heir. During these years, Peter with a younger sister lived in retirement with their mother at the Preobrazhensky villa, three miles out of Moscow, where he had a tutor, and picked up some meagre rudiments of knowledge. "The death of Theodore left two possible candidates for the throne; Ivan, the elder brother, the son of the tsar Alexis by his first wife Marie Miloslavsky, blind, lame, and half idiotic; and the son of Natalia Naryshkin, the strong, healthy, and clever Peter" (i. 41). Which of the two should reign was left to the choice of the Moscow crowd; and as they cried out for Peter, he was proclaimed tsar in his tenth year. Before he could be crowned, however, the sanguinary riot of the Streltsi broke out, occasioned by the rumor that the Naryshkins had already poisoned Ivan, and intended to get rid of Peter, that they might secure the throne for themselves. The end of it was that Ivan and Peter were crowned together as joint tsars, and the supreme power slipped into the hands of their sister Sophia; whom De Neuville describes as "monstrously fat, with a head as large as a bushel measure, a hairy face, and ulcers on her legs, but a born Machiavellian, whose mind was as subtle as her body was coarse, and who was capable of any crime likely to confirm her power." The rule of Sophia lasted for seven years, at the end of which the aristocratic party, by the help of General Gordon and his troops, im-

mured her in a convent, and sent Prince Golitsyn to languish out his life in the frozen north with three sous a day for his maintenance. During this period, and for several years afterwards, Peter took no part in public affairs; but lived a rough, boyish sort of life, without restraint or ceremony. We hear of his making fireworks and building boats with his own hands, acquiring practical skill in a dozen different handicrafts, playing at soldiers with a boy regiment which he raised, lifting up his voice in church choirs and with itinerating carol-singers at Christmas, drinking deep at carousals, getting rid of his superfluous energy in all kinds of coarse horse-play, buffoonery, and practical jokes. It is true that his family made a marriage for him when he was barely seventeen; but the fact went for little in his life, for he never cared for his bride, Eudoxia, who was three years older than himself, and it was not long before his infidelities became flagrant. He had a great leaning towards the small colony of foreigners in Moscow, where the social life afforded him amusements not to be found among the Russians; and there he acquired an insatiable thirst for intercourse with Europe. The Frenchman Lefort was his chief intimate, and the following extract from Mr. Schuyler will give an idea of the sort of fooling, of the more harmless kind, into which the boyish tsar threw himself:—

Once Peter appeared at Lefort's with a suite of twenty-four dwarfs, all "of remarkable beauty," and all on horseback; and a few days after, Peter and Lefort rode out into the country to exercise this miniature cavalry. In 1695, the court fool, Jacob Turgenief, was married to the wife of a scribe. The wedding took place in a tent erected in the fields between Preobrazhensky and Semenovskiy. There was a great banquet, which lasted three days, and the festivities were accompanied by processions, in which the highest of the Russian nobles appeared in ridiculous costumes, in cars drawn by cows, goats, dogs, and even swine. Turgenief and his wife at one time rode in the best velvet carriage of the court, with such grandees as the Golitsyns, Sheremetievs, and Trubetskoy, following them on foot. In the triumphal entry into Moscow the newly married pair rode a camel, and Gordon remarks, "The procession was extraordinary fine." Although the jesting here was perfectly good-natured, yet it may have been carried a little too far, for a few days after poor Turgenief died suddenly in the night (i. 268).

It was not till he was well advanced in his twenty-fourth year that Peter began to take life seriously. In 1695, in the osten-

sible rank of a bombardier, which he whimsically assumed, he accompanied the expedition that made such a miserable failure of the attempt to capture the fortress of Azof from the Turks, and win an opening for Russia to the Black Sea; and by this taste of real war the instinct for government was once for all aroused in him. The following year, renewing the attack on Azof in greater earnest, his troops contrived to blunder into possession of the fortress; and Peter returned in triumph to Moscow, determined to realize his dreams of creating a fleet, and making Russia felt as a power in the political system of Europe. Not content with importing companies of shipwrights, and despatching half a hundred of the noblest youths in his dominions to learn navigation and naval architecture in the principal dockyards abroad, he conceived the extraordinary idea of setting out in person on the same errand, and presented to the astonished gaze of the civilized world the autocrat of all the Russias laboring as a common carpenter, with horny hands and coarse blouse, in the dockyards of England and Holland. From this tour he was hurried back, in the autumn of 1698, by the news of the formidable revolt of the Streltsi. Before he could reach Moscow the firmness and energy of Gordon had saved the throne, and it only remained for Peter to wash his feet in the blood of the vanquished. His vengeance was terrible; and he took advantage of the occasion to make a considerable clearance also in his own family circle, by forcing religious vows on his wife Eudoxia and his sisters Sophia and Martha, who became known in their respective convents as Nun Helen, Nun Susanna, and Nun Margaret. His next step was to set the ball of reform rolling at home, by shaving off the beards and cutting short the sleeves and skirts of his subjects, beginning with his own hands on his courtiers; while abroad he entered on a war with Sweden, to gain for Russia a footing on the Baltic. Of this military enterprise the beginning was disastrous enough, for his army, which was besieging Narva, was annihilated by the "royal madman," Charles XII.; and the crushing defeat was grimly commemorated by a medal, representing on one side the tsar warming himself over the fires of his mortars which were bombarding the fortress, with the inscription, "Peter stood and warmed himself;" on the other, the tsar running away, hatless and swordless, and wiping his streaming eyes, with the in-

scription, "Peter went out and wept bitterly." Four years later, however, Narva was taken, and after five more dreary campaigns the decisive battle of Poltava secured to Russia the possession of the Baltic provinces. The war with Turkey which followed was less fortunate; instead of obtaining access on that side to the Mediterranean, the tsar was extremely lucky to escape total ruin, at the cost of Azof and all the other stations which he held on the Ottoman border. The rest of his comparatively short life was spent in pushing on reforms at home both in Church and State; campaigning in Pomerania, Finland, and Persia, for the extension of his territories; and visiting foreign courts for the purposes of diplomacy. One sombre tragedy darkened it, stirring once more the amazement of Europe. In 1718, his long-standing feud with Alexis, his only son who survived infancy, came to a height; the unhappy prince was put on his trial, several times tortured, then sentenced to death, and once more tortured in his father's presence; a few hours after which he expired, whether naturally or under fresh violence is uncertain. Three years later, on the signing of peace with Sweden, Peter assumed the title of emperor; and early in 1725 he passed away, in his fifty-third year.

In attempting now to fill up this bald historical outline with the strange personality of the subject, a certain degree of reticence is forced upon us, otherwise the sober decency of our pages would be imperilled. To exhibit a photographic portrait of Peter the Great is impracticable. There are features about him which must be left to the imagination, or at most indicated with the lightest touch of the pencil. His native coarseness would never take any polish; it repelled even the varnish of civilization as oil repels water. He disdained the ordinary proprieties of life, and felt no shame at being foul in his habits and debased in his passions. We write, therefore, under restraint, and perhaps, after all, we shall be considered to need an apology for too much truthfulness.

Of Peter's personal tastes and manners Lord Macaulay has made short work by saying, that "to the end of his life he lived in his palace like a hog in a sty, and, when he was entertained by other sovereigns, never failed to leave on their tapestried walls and velvet state beds unequivocal proof that a savage had been there." The language is hardly too strong. As a young child Peter had been made familiar, in his father's palace in the Kremlin, with

some degree of luxury and magnificence. We read of his handsomely decorated nursery, his velvet cradles with their silken bedclothes, his frocks embroidered with gold; of a troop of dwarfs to amuse him, and a brilliant miniature car, drawn by little ponies, for his out-door exercise. But from everything of this sort he broke away before emerging from childhood, and soon came to disdain the ordinary comforts of existence, and to feel more at his ease in rudeness and squalor. When William III. hastened to welcome him in England, he was found in his shirt-sleeves, pigging with a number of his suite in a small bedroom, in Norfolk Street, off the Strand, the atmosphere of which was so noisome that the king dared not enter till the window had been opened to let out the foul reek. Evelyn's favorite villa at Deptford was hired and newly furnished by the government for his residence, while he worked in the dockyard; and "right nasty," we are told, it became under his hands: its elegant rooms befouled, its beautiful gardens ravished, and their stately holly hedges broken up by the amusement of riding through them in a wheelbarrow. At Amsterdam he took his ease in the common dram-shops. When, twenty years later—it was in 1715—we find him with the tsaritsa on a short visit of ceremony at Berlin, his style is still the same. The queen's dainty house in the suburbs, affectionately named by her "Monbijou," was assigned for his accommodation, the precious ornaments having been removed for precaution to a place of safety; and as we learn from the curious memoirs of her daughter, afterwards the Margravine of Baireuth, after three or four days of his occupation "the desolation of Jerusalem was everywhere in it, and it was so ruined as almost to need rebuilding." The particulars of the visit, as reported by this lively lady, must indeed be taken with a good deal of qualification, but after every deduction has been made for playful exaggeration, abundance remains to show that, even when paying ceremonial visits to foreign courts, Peter was regarded by them very much in the light of a bear in a drawing-room.

The most curious, perhaps, of the barbaric elements in Peter's character was a farcical whimsicality, an inextinguishable love of ridiculous burlesque and buffoonery. Besides showing itself in all kinds of coarse fun and practical joking, it often threw an air of absurd travesty over the most serious affairs of State. If sometimes it was consistent with a rough, bois-

terous good-nature, at other times it betrayed him into gross debauchery, savage outrage, and obscene and blasphemous mockery of religion. We have already mentioned that he chose to make his first campaign in the rank of a bombardier — a rank which he had originally assumed in his boy regiment. One of his elder intimates, Prince Ramodanofsky, had been already elevated by him to a burlesque throne, with the title of his Majesty, or the Kaiser; and to this mock potentate he amused himself by making regular reports of the operations against Azof, signed, with expressions of profound respect, "the bombardier Peter." The absurdity, once begun in boyish frolic, was kept up during the greater part of his life. At its proudest moment, on the battle-field of Poltava, where he served as a colonel, in the full flush of his triumph over Charles XII., he wrote to the sham sovereign to "congratulate his Majesty on a victory such as has never been heard of in the world;" and followed the first despatch with a second, giving humble thanks for the promotion conferred upon him for his services. We quote the second letter from Mr. Schuyler: —

Sir, the gracious letter of your Majesty and the decree to his Excellency the Field-marshal and Cavalier, Sheremetief, by which I have been given in your name the rank of Rear-Admiral in the fleet, and of Lieutenant General on land, have been announced to me. I have not yet deserved so much, but it has been given to me solely by your kindness. I therefore pray God for strength to be able to deserve in future such honor. Peter (ii. 156).

Five years later, on the almost equally intoxicating occasion of his first important naval victory, won in an engagement with the Swedish fleet off Hango, the farce reached its climax by his receiving, in full senate, the rank of vice-admiral from the hands of the same sham monarch, who occupied the throne in royal trappings. In further illustration of Peter's fooling may be quoted the report made to Menshikof, in 1703, of the founding of a new town in the favorite's honor. This report was written by Peter's own hand, but subscribed by a score of his fellow-mummers as well as by himself, his own name coming third as "Pitirim Protodiacon," or Peterkin, the chief deacon, the two preceding it purporting to be names of a mock metropolitan and a mock archdeacon. The last words refer to the connection just begun with Catherine, the future empress, then living as a dependent in Menshikof's household: —

Mein Herz; here, thank God, we have been very merry, not letting a single place go by. We named the town with the blessing of Kief, with bulwarks and gates, of which I send a sketch in this letter. At the blessing we drank — at the first bastion brandy, at the second sec, at the third Rhine wine, at the fourth beer, at the fifth mead, and at the gates Rhine wine, about which the bearer of this letter will report to you more at length. All goes on well, only grant, O God! to see you in joy. *You know why* (i. 519).

By the same whimsical spirit the arrangements were inspired for Peter's first and most famous journey to the south. He resolved to go as a private member of a great embassy of his nobles, under the plain name of Peter Mikhailof, and to reveal his presence was made a capital offence. To keep up the farce he used to be introduced by backdoors and up private staircases into the presence of the monarchs whom he visited; who afterwards, on receiving the embassy in state, had to keep their countenances as they could, while they gravely enquired after the health of their august brother sovereign at Moscow. Of course the presence of Peter was everywhere known, for all Europe was on the tiptoe of curiosity about him; and the sight of the day was his tall figure, in a rough carpenter's jacket, wielding the hatchet, or handling the ropes, or perched high in the cross-trees, while solemn ambassadors toiled up the rigging for an interview. The ladies tried to tame him, but with indifferent success, for the consciousness of his own boorish manners made him incurably shy in the presence of elegance and refinement. Occasionally, after much resistance, he allowed himself to be fêted, and was even persuaded to stand up in the dance; of which experiment upon him the electress Sophia of Hanover reports that, on feeling the whalebones in his partner's corset as he grasped her waist, he gave utterance to the opinion that "the German ladies have devilish hard bones."

One of the forms in which Peter's farcical temperament manifested itself is extremely revolting. As early as his eighteenth year he had formed a society or club of his intimates, bearing the title of "the most mad, most frolicsome, and most drunken Synod," commonly shortened into "the drunken Synod;" and this monstrous institution he kept up to the hour of his death. It was a gross parody on the Church. At the head of it for nearly thirty years was Zotof, who had been Peter's tutor, with the mock dignity

at first of patriarch, and afterwards of pope. This ribald chief was attended by a large suite of sham prelates and clergy, and had even a lady abbess and her nuns in his train. Every member of this unholy synod received some indecent nickname, and its meetings were foul orgies, lasting for several days together, and reeking with obscenity and drunkenness. When Zotof died in 1717, instead of letting the disgraceful scandal expire, Peter held a new election to the supreme office, and the choice fell on the Admiral Ivan Buturlin, nicknamed by Peter the Polish King, who was consecrated prince-pope with a blasphemous ceremonial and lascivious rites. Even when this second mock head of the Church was carried off in 1724 by gluttony and intoxication, and one would have thought that Peter, in his fast-failing health, must have had more than enough of such outrageous nonsense, he proceeded to a fresh election, in a "conclave" of which Mr. Schuyler gives the following account:—

In a hall in Buturlin's house a throne was erected, covered with striped material, on which Bacchus presided, seated on a cask. In the next room, where the conclave assembled, fourteen compartments were constructed, while in the midst was a table with a stuffed bear and a monkey, a cask of wine and dishes of food. After a solemn procession the Emperor shut up the cardinals in the room of the conclave, and put his seal on the door. No one was allowed to come out until a new pope had been chosen, and every quarter of an hour the members of the conclave were obliged to swallow a large spoonful of whiskey. The next morning, at six o'clock, Peter let them out. They had disputed among themselves for a long time, and as they could not decide on a pope, had been obliged to ballot for him. The lot fell on an officer of the commissariat, who, with coarse and obscene ceremonies, was then placed upon the throne, and all were obliged to kiss his slipper. In the evening which followed, the guests were served with meat of wolves, foxes, bears, cats, and rats (ii. 638-9).

Five weeks after this shameful ribaldry, Peter was a corpse.

Akin to his farcical humor was his love of playing practical jokes, about the nature of which he was little scrupulous. A hard drinker himself at times, to the undermining of his robust constitution, he delighted to make those around him drunk, and to set them on ridiculous or dangerous exploits. He even turned his orgies to political account by laying traps for his nobles in their cups, and is said to have found in these debauches a convenient

means of getting rid of officials or companions who were distasteful to him. The *Sieur de Villebois*, who was in his confidence, relates how some sharer in his revels, against whom he had a grudge, was, while lying open-mouthed and senseless with drink, grimly dosed by Peter with fresh supplies of brandy poured down his throat by a funnel; the fellow, adds the reporter, has never awoken yet, and is by no means the only sleeper under the tsar's soporific draughts. Sometimes Peter would regale his nobles with unclean meats, disguised by the dressing, that he might enjoy their grimaces and disgust when they made discovery of what they had been swallowing. He would set them to fight with bare swords for his amusement; or make them drive their sledges over ice secretly pierced with holes, that he might laugh at their struggles to save themselves from drowning. In stories of this kind the contemporary memoirs abound, and make it very evident that he never outgrew the pleasures of the savage.

The ingrained barbarism of Peter's nature was in nothing more apparent than in his habitual relations with the other sex,—a part of his history impossible to be passed over, yet admitting of very slight reference. For female virtue and honor he had no manner of appreciation; he was not even susceptible of the attraction, nor sensible of the refinement, which the presence of cultivated women, though they may be *Aspasias* or *La Vallières*, has been found to infuse into social intercourse. It would do too much honor to the indulgence of his passions to apply to it the terms love and gallantry, even in their basest sense. Wherever he went, he picked up and threw aside its instruments as so many "unconsidered trifles."

The only woman who played a considerable part in Peter's life was Catherine, whom from being a peasant serf he raised to the throne; and her story, when stripped of its legendary romance, tells the same tale of his insensibility to the qualities which are the truest glory of the sex. She was the child of Livonian peasants, and at three years old came into the hands of the Lutheran pastor, Glück, at Marienburg, who brought her up in his household. She grew to be very pretty and clever; and the pastor, to save his son from her charms, married her at sixteen to a Swedish trooper, who after two days of her society went to the wars, and disappeared from her life. Marienburg was then captured by Peter's field-marshal

Sheremetief, who appropriated the handsome girl to himself as a spoil of war. From him she passed to Menshikof; and Peter, noticing her in the favorite's house, was so struck by her brightness and ready wit, that he eagerly installed her in the place which happened at the moment to be vacant in his affections. When she had borne him a couple of children, he privately went through a ceremony of marriage with her, his own lawful, but repudiated wife, Eudoxia, notwithstanding; and several years later, after the disastrous campaign on the Pruth, during which she accompanied him, and was his chief support in his terrible fits of despondency, he acknowledged the marriage, and confirmed it by a public ceremonial. From that time she was everywhere received as the tsaritsa, although no valid divorce of the still living Eudoxia had ever taken place; and a few months before his death he solemnly crowned her as empress, and thereby opened to her the succession to his throne. Such is the unadorned history of this extraordinary connection. It shows unequivocally that Peter found in her just the kind of woman that suited him; useful, clever, alert, resolute, above or rather below jealousy, complaisant to his perpetual infidelities, capable of comprehending his plans, and encouraging him in the execution of them. But with the mutual affection and respect, which are the charm of wedded life, it is impossible to credit them. Unless we are to reject a large amount of contemporary opinion, neither his honor while he lived, nor his memory after his death, was entirely safe in her keeping. That she shortened his life by poison, though widely believed, is probably false; but it is certain that for some time he had become seriously estranged from her, and she had grounds for fearing his violence.

We have still to take account of the ferocity latent in his constitution, and always ready to break out at the slightest provocation. Voltaire, in his history, has for private reasons slurred over this terrible feature; but in his "Philosophical Dictionary," with as much truth as plainness of speech, he calls the great tsar "half-hero and half-tiger." The use of the cane was common enough in Russia, but in Peter's hands it assumed a prominence which was as disgusting as it was ludicrous. He thrashed all round, from peasant to prince, from the scullion of his kitchen to his highest ministers of state. He would start up from the dinner-table, and soundly belabor the host who was

entertaining him. He would station himself at daybreak at the door of the senate-house, and flog each senator as he arrived, for his unpunctuality. Menshikof, even when raised to be second in the empire, had to take a share of beatings proportioned to his dignity. No one was more valued by Peter than Lefort, yet even he did not escape being flung down and kicked on the floor, when entertaining his master at his own table. If the wrong person, as it sometimes happened, got the pounding, the tsar with a burst of laughter would promise to credit him with it in advance against the next offence. In his worse fits of rage, he was known to slash promiscuously around with his drawn sword, careless of whom he might wound. He governed by the scourge and the axe; and to civilize his subjects he became their executioner. No rank and neither sex escaped his horrible severities; nor did the closest blood-relationship to himself avail as a protection against the fury of his wrath. One of his sisters, if not more, was whipped in the presence of the court with a hundred strokes on her bare shoulders and loins. His son, as we have seen, was tortured to death. His lawful wife, Eudoxia, was flung into a convent without means of maintenance, and afterwards was shut up in a prison cell with no attendant but a crazy old female dwarf, for whom she was obliged to perform the most menial services; while her supposed lover, Gliebof, was persistently tortured in Peter's presence for six weeks together, by the knot, by red-hot irons, by burning coals, by being fastened down on planks studded with spikes, after which he was publicly impaled. It is almost a satisfaction to read in Villebois's "Memoirs," that on Peter's last attempt to extort a confession which might have justified capital execution on Eudoxia, the poor mangled wretch, as he writhed on the stake, spat in his face. Then, again, the Princess Golitsyn, Catherine's inseparable friend, for her sympathy with the ill-fated Alexis was publicly whipped by the soldiery; Abraham Lopukhin, Eudoxia's brother, was tortured and broken alive on the wheel, on a like charge; and even the mitre did not save its consecrated wearers, who were suspected of favoring the tsarevitch, from the same horrible fate. An equal severity pervaded Peter's administration of the criminal law. Coiners were sometimes despatched by their false money being poured, molten, down their throats. Peculators in the public service, including princes and governors

of provinces, were knouted, burnt in the tongue, slit in their noses, broken on the wheel, beheaded, or hung. Persons suspected of disaffection were tortured into confession, mutilated of their arms and legs, and finally beheaded, their heads being exposed on stakes. Even the dead were not safe from Peter's fury, if their relatives fell under suspicion. The body of Ivan Miloslavsky, the head of one of the great families, was fifteen years after his death exhumed by Peter, and dragged by a team of swine to the scaffold on which some of his race were to suffer, where it was so placed that the blood of the decapitated spurted into its face.

But all these severities were eclipsed by the atrocity of Peter's vengeance on the revolted Streltsi. For a parallel we may look in vain to the sanguinary rites of Dahomey or the human sacrifices of ancient Mexico. It had not even the excuse of terror; for the revolt had been entirely suppressed by Gordon before the tsar's arrival, and thousands of the rebel soldiery had already been mowed down by artillery, shot by decimation, or otherwise put to death. Peter in his mad fury began anew the work of carnage, and for months turned Moscow into a sickening shambles. In a very rare quarto volume, adorned with quaint woodcuts, a copy of which may be consulted in the British Museum, is preserved the Latin diary kept at the time by Korb, the secretary of the Austrian envoy then resident at Moscow; and the horrors which it prosaically records are enough to make the blood run cold. A single sentence may be taken as a sample: "The whole month of October was spent in butchering the backs of the culprits under the knout and with fire; no day were such as continued to live free from scourging and roasting, or else they were broken on the wheel, driven to the gibbet, or beheaded." The torturing fiends whom the mediæval painters delighted to portray, could they have started from the canvas to spend that winter at Moscow, would surely have blushed to find themselves mere tyros in their art; when they gazed at the ghastly array of torture-chambers, gibbets, and scaffolds, and tracked the tsar from prison to prison by the howlings of the victims in their agonies, or saw him gloating over the final slaughter, keeping the reckoning of the heads that fell and the corpses that swung, and ever and anon seizing the axe and striking off rows of heads with his own hands. To insult his sister Sophia, whom he supposed to have encouraged the re-

volt, hundreds of wretches were hung in front of her convent; and close to the window of her cell, during the whole of that dreadful winter, swung three corpses, holding out a petition to her with stiffened arm. One additional horror that is told is scarcely credible, though it is said to be vouched for by the official despatches to his government of Prinz, the Prussian envoy. At a banquet during this carnival of blood, Peter, he reports, sent for a score of the rebels, and at each glass that he drained struck off a head, inviting the envoy at the same time to share in the horrible amusement. Of twenty thousand Streltsi who were concerned in the revolt, it is said that scarcely five hundred escaped with their lives.

Such was Peter the Great on the barbaric side of his character, the side which was disastrously fashioned by heredity, physical temperament, and demoralizing association. By so grievous a burden of savagery and vice was the genius, which was all his own, weighted and obstructed in its action. But his achievement in launching his country on its career of greatness was, by these enormous disadvantages, rendered all the more remarkable. When, however, we attempt to analyze the better side of his character, by virtue of which he regenerated Russia and earned for himself the title of Great, we find its elements difficult of precise definition. One cannot single out any particular line of action, or of administrative function, in which he can be said to have been conspicuously excellent. For mechanics, doubtless, he possessed a great aptitude, and would have made a capital artisan or engineer; but from wielding the blacksmith's hammer, binding books, and building boats, it is a long way to the creation of an empire. For soldiering he had a strong passion, and a still more engrossing one for navigation; yet neither by land nor sea did he ever show himself a brilliant tactician or far-sighted commander. The more we look at his efforts and methods, the more does he remind us of some broad-backed, clumsy giant, shouldering his way through an obstructing crowd by sheer weight and persistency. The secret of his career is to be found in the unity of his purpose. He found his country of no account in Europe; and what he lived for was to make it a power that could meet the foremost nations on equal terms, and compel them to reckon with it in their political schemes. For this he needed an army, and he created one; a fleet, and he inaugurated the

building of it with his own hands; ports on the sea, and he went to war with Sweden and Turkey to obtain them. For this he revolutionized the social life of his people, by the introduction of foreign habits and culture; for this he promoted education, manufactures, and commerce; for this he broke through the traditions of his race, by seeking family alliances with foreign dynasties, and maintaining embassies at foreign courts. For this he turned his back on the sacred city of his ancestors, and founded a new capital in a malarious swamp, at the cost of hundreds of thousands of lives, that it might be as an eye to look out upon Europe, and a loophole through which the light of Western civilization might be admitted into the darkness of Muscovite barbarism. For this he centralized the internal administration, abolished the ancient patriarchate of the Church, and gathered up the entire force of the empire into the autocratic grasp of the monarch, to be wielded by a single unfettered will. All for this single end, that Russia might cease to be a despised land of barbarians, and be able henceforth to hold its head high amongst the powers of the civilized world.

That in working out what, from the hour that the instinct of rule awoke in his breast, he had made the object of his life, he should fall into many mistakes and incur many failures, was inevitable. Force of character is no preservative against the blunders of ignorance. Strong as his hands were, they were clumsy in wielding the sceptre. To his bitter disappointment, he found it far easier, by peremptory edicts, to clip the hair, shave off the beards, and shorten the flowing skirts of his subjects, than to create in them habits of industry, polish their manners, and enlighten their understandings. Civilization, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth; and his idea of producing it at a stroke by the exercise of arbitrary power could not but prove abortive. But by dogged perseverance he endeavored to compensate for the mistakes of ignorance. With unflagging constancy he toiled on, meddling with everything in his autocratic fashion, ordering and counter-ordering as each fancy took possession of him, with scourge and axe in his hand as the motive force of his reforms. If he saw abroad some invention or manufacture which struck him as useful, he would compel its adoption at home, without considering whether his people were ripe for it. Nothing was too minute to escape his interference. The shapes of the hoeing and reap-

ing implements used by the peasantry, the breadth of the linen to be woven, the process by which leather was to be manufactured, the materials of which clothing was to be made, were all regulated by decrees enforced by heavy penalties. In one year exports and imports would be encouraged, in another year prohibited, till manufacturers and merchants were driven to their wits' end. As Mr. Schuyler says, it was "always force, always compulsion." And the results were anything but encouraging, for the continual changes, the minute regulations, and the harassing supervision, naturally frightened trade, and lessened instead of augmenting the wealth of the country. One can readily credit the story that when, on his visit to Paris, Peter was shown the statue of Richelieu, he embraced it, exclaiming, "I would give the half of my empire to a man like you, who would teach me how to govern the other half!"

Yet in spite of all blunders and failures the Russian nation, under the tsar's energetic handling, grew by degrees into shape and became formidable. Abroad, he hammered away with his newly formed armaments by sea and land, till he wearied out his antagonists, and appropriated new provinces to himself. No reading can be more dreary than the narratives of his tedious campaigns, destitute of any brilliancy to relieve the brutal story of massacre and devastation; but he had more "staying power" than his rivals, and the result was that he forced Russia into the politics of Europe. At home he kept the nation alive by continual agitation; and, setting the prejudices of his people at defiance, he opened a hundred inlets for European ideas to creep in and exert a transforming influence. The imitiveness, so common to a certain stage of the emergence out of barbarism, contributed to the work of regeneration. He must have his senate, his official departments, his foreign ministries, his code of jurisprudence, his Academy of Sciences, his *savans*, his fashionable assemblies and balls; and these novelties, though exotics at first, became in time the germs of progress, and assisted in humanizing the rude northerners of Muscovy, and forming among them a society of which decency became the rule, and where intellectual accomplishments were honored with esteem.

On such historical facts as the foregoing the claim of Peter to be considered the founder of his country's political greatness securely rests, without the need of

recourse to the curious document, which, under the title of "The Testament of Peter the Great," has for more than half a century excited the curiosity of the world. Of the document thus styled it is certain that no trace is to be found in the Russian archives; nor was it ever heard of till nearly a century after Peter's death. The earliest mention of it is in a work published under the direction of the French government in 1812, on the eve of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and intended as an anticipatory justification of that political crime. This volume is a work of five hundred pages, entitled "*Progrès de la Puissance Russe depuis son Origine jusqu'au Commencement du XIX^{me} Siècle*;" and it is known to have been compiled by C. L. Lesur, an official of the French Foreign Office, although the title-page only states that it is "Par M. L * * *." It is in a small print note to one of the chapters that the pretended revelation is smuggled in. The writer begins by saying, that it is reported that in the private archives of the Russian emperors there exists, in Peter's handwriting, a secret memoir recommending to his successors a plan for the subjugation of Europe; and of this plan, without a word of explanation how he got hold of it, he coolly proceeds to give a summary in fourteen articles. Of these, the first twelve merely put into the form of rules the policy pursued by Russia up to the date of the writing, and thus discharge the not very difficult task of prophesying after the event. The remaining two, which really refer to the future, are scarcely within the scope of practical policy. When Russia, they say, has become supreme in the Baltic and the Euxine, the time will have arrived for the final stroke. Secret overtures are to be made to France and Austria to share with her the empire of the world. Should either accept, it is to be first used to crush the other, and then is itself to be crushed. If both refuse, they are to be goaded into war with each other; and as soon as they are exhausted, Russia is to pour forth vast fleets, laden with countless hordes of Cossacks mad for plunder, and at the same time to launch her armies southwards through Germany, and by this means she will infallibly make herself mistress of Europe. Such was the first stage of the document. The next touches were given to it in 1836 by a hack French *littérateur*, F. Gaillardet, in a romantic life of that strange hermaphrodite diplomatist, the Chevalier d'Eon. He takes Lesur's sketch without acknowledgment

ment; partly re-writes and re-arranges it in the form of a will solemnly headed, "In the name of the holy and indivisible Trinity;" adds the substance, not the text, of an alleged preamble; and makes the whole end with the affirmation, "Thus Europe can and must be subjugated." The little that remained to complete the document was done by a Pole, J. L. Chodzko, three years later, in a curious miscellany of fact and fiction, entitled "*La Pologne historique, littéraire, monumentale, et illustrée*." Out of his own consciousness he evolves the facts that Peter first drew up this will after the battle of Poltava in 1709, and gave it its final form in 1724; and whereas Gaillardet had only furnished the substance of the preamble, Chodzko boldly re-writes it in the first person, and inserts it in the document as a genuine part of the text. Such was the genesis of Peter's will. Need it be added, that, whether we consider the suspicious growth of the document, the discredited hands through which it comes, the entire absence of any authentication of it of any kind, or the gulf between its ideas and language and those which history ascribes to the great tsar, our verdict must be that it bears on its front as clear marks of fabrication as ever branded the most impudent of forgeries?

Peter's dealings with the national Church deserve a particular mention, both because of their lasting importance, and of his own estimate of them. From Villebois we learn that the tsar, in one of his milder moods, was told of a paper which Steele had written in "The Spectator," drawing a contrast between him and his contemporary Louis XIV., much to the disadvantage of the latter. The paper may be found under the date 9 Aug. 1711, and is certainly not overburdened with knowledge of Peter's character and doings; for it describes him as a "godlike prince," and hazards the assertion that it would be "an injury to any of antiquity to name them with him," in the sense that it would be cruel to expose them to be eclipsed by his superior radiance! Peter's comment was curious. He did not, he said, pretend to rival the *grand monarque*, but in one particular he claimed to be his superior; he had subjugated his clergy to his will, whereas the French monarch had allowed his clergy to get the better of him and rule him. It must be remembered that, in the old constitution of Russia, the patriarch of Moscow was more than the first subject in the realm; he played the part of a potentate co-ordinate with the

tsar, occupied a rival throne, and posed as the "spiritual emperor," with the power of life and death. Such a divided supremacy ill suited Peter; and when the patriarchal throne became vacant in 1700, he postponed indefinitely an election to fill it, making other provision in the mean time for its functions. Questions of doctrine and discipline were remitted to one of the metropolitan suffragans; while the very extensive ecclesiastical jurisdiction, hitherto exercised by the patriarchal chancery, was transferred to a board called the Department of Monasteries. This provisional arrangement lasted for twenty years; at the end of which the patriarchate was definitely abolished, and the supreme government of the Church was vested in a body called the Holy Governing Synod, consisting of ecclesiastics and laymen, nominated by the monarch, and presided over by him as the defender of the Church. These changes were accompanied by the suppression of many of the monasteries, and the curtailment of others; but the chief permanent effect has been to transfer to the tsar the sacred character which formerly appertained to the patriarch, and to make him the effective head of the Russian Church. The following preamble to the "Spiritual Regulation," which defined the new ecclesiastical system, is worth quoting in illustration of Peter's views:—

From the collegiate government in the Church there is not so much danger to the country of disturbances and troubles as may be produced by one spiritual ruler, for the common people do not understand the difference between the spiritual power and that of the Autocrat; but, dazzled by the splendor and glory of the highest pastor, they think that he is a second sovereign of like powers with the Autocrat, or with even more, and that the spiritual power is that of another and better realm. If then there should be any difference of opinion between the Patriarch and the Tsar, it might easily happen that the people, perhaps led by designing persons, should take the part of the Patriarch, in the belief that they were fighting for God's cause, and that it was necessary to stand by him (ii. 498).

It would be a mistake to suppose that Peter's reforms carried with them any general approval, or that during his life he was regarded with affection and gratitude as the father of his country. Whatever posterity felt afterwards, it was quite the contrary at the time. There was serious discontent on all sides. His high-handed dealing with the Church provoked the hostility of the clergy. The severity of the levies for military service and pub-

lic works drove hundreds of thousands out of the land, and left some of the border districts half depopulated. The people suffered under an immense and oppressive taxation. The introduction of foreign customs shocked the fanatical opponents of innovation, who denounced Peter as Antichrist, and believed the little cross, pricked into the left hand of the recruits, to be the mark of the beast. In 1719, the elector of Hanover was warned by his envoy: "Everything in this realm will have a fearful end, because the sighs of so many million souls against the tsar rise to heaven, and the glowing sparks of rage concealed in every man lack nothing but a fair wind and a conductor." Four years later, the younger Lefort wrote: "We are on the eve of some sad extremity. The misery increases from day to day; the streets are full of people who try to sell their children;" and Mardefeld, the Prussian envoy, reported to Berlin, "Discontent in all ranks could not well be greater than it is now." Peter's unpopularity was still further augmented by his fits of savage moroseness, which broke out with increasing frequency, and by the daily tortures and executions through which he sought to terrify the disaffected. Court, nobles, and people, alike were alienated from him; and when the end came with startling suddenness, it is said that neither by the associates whom he had raised to rank and power, nor by the country which owed its greatness to his labors, was a single tear shed upon his tomb.

Taking Peter all in all, he was certainly not a man to inspire affection. To secure the future grandeur of his country, he cared not what misery he inflicted on its living inhabitants. To the ideal which fascinated him, he sacrificed the actual and present. Russia was at once his idol and his slave: and if his tyranny was ennobled by a great purpose, it was none the less the cause of unspeakable sufferings. Had he been less eager to force his country prematurely into the arena of European politics and struggles, its internal development would probably have proceeded at a more rapid pace, and subsequent generations would have had far better reason to call him blessed. Every way his career must be a marvel both to the statesman and the moralist. By the latter especially not much can be added to the reflection to which Bishop Burnet gave expression: "After I had seen him often and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the

providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world."

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH SMITES TWICE.

WHILE Sir William Thwaite was still under the constraining influence of Iris Compton's appeal, a thought struck him. "Why should we not leave this place, my lass?" he said, addressing Honor, while the two sat together, hot with excitement, yet shivering with momentary reaction, physically wretched and uncomfortable, shy, affronted, neither united nor disunited, on the evening of the day that Iris had been to Whitehills. "Why should we not get rid of Whitehills?" He looked round him with more of loathing disgust than sad yearning—the last was for the woods and fields, the blue horizon which had grown familiar to him, the far-reaching, yet often pale, dim sky. "It's little good we've been and done here. We'll go to some new land, such as I've read of, as rude as its colonists, we'll break it and ourselves in together. We'll hold it against the wild beasts and the wild men, till we've tamed them and ourselves, which is like to be the harder job," he ended with a heavy sigh.

"Oh! shall we, Will?" cried Honor, with the first cry of real joy and eagerness which she had uttered for many a day. "That will be grand—a life worth living. That will be a thousand times better than shooting and hooking harmless beasts and birds and fishes here. I had a notion of the kind when father and I were going to 'Merica—an out-of-the-way bit, I think they called Kansas. But father's nigh done, and young Abe and me, we didn't sort together over well when he was at home. I doubted he would not care for the hills and plains and woods; he would mind a deal more trying his luck at the diggings, or even at the cards which East-wich folk play in houses like this, and in hovels like ours at Hawley Scrub, you know, Will, from the time the players can hold the pasteboard. But I'll work and dig, and plant and build, as well as shoot with you, and be your fit mate. I can

kindle a fire and boil a kettle, and bake and roast, and wash and dry, and rough-darn for you, and you'll want nought else out there. We'll leave books and fine manners behind us."

"So be it," he said, after an instant's pause, while he looked a little drearly into the fire.

"And you'll never more regret them, Will," she pressed him with hungry eyes, "you'll never fret after them, or think it would have been better if you had known how to keep still an idle gentleman among fine gentlemen and ladies in England? You might have done it without crossing the seas, without setting your hand to work or going out with your gun to fill the pot and keep you and me from starving."

"It will be for you to keep me from fretting, Honor," he tried to say more lightly, "to make me feel that what is best, to teach me, as I'm sure you will, that I could never do without you," and she was satisfied for the moment.

So it soon came to be roughly understood that Sir William had pulled up sufficiently to decree that the saturnalia should come to an end, so far as the place was concerned, at least. Sir William would have sold Whitehills, had it been in his power; as it was, the house was to be let. He and Lady Thwaite were going away—not to the Continent to retrench, not to German baths to drink mineral waters, not to Monte Carlo to play—but to the wilds of America, in company with old Abe Smith, where the whole party would doubtless soon sink into the gulphs of oblivion provided for the lower class of sinners. And if the couple did not send home an heir in the course of years, Whitehills would pass into the court of chancery, to be stranded there till a fresh sprout, refined or rude, from the family tree of the Thwaites could spring up.

Sir William had severed himself from the squirearchy some time before, so that their interest in him had begun to die out, after the first burst of reprobation, though they still felt a concern for Whitehills, which he was not going to carry away with him. Besides, the attention of the neighborhood was drawn to another quarter at the time, by the additional news that old Lord Fermor was dying at last. He had been far longer dead to the world than Sir William Thwaite had been, but the peer had this claim, that he had been one of themselves from first to last, and that his career fifty years before had been notably before a greater public—not much to its edification. Neither was it to the edifica-

tion of Eastham that so many stories of him were revived as he lay on his death-bed, and even found their way into the newspapers again, until poor Iris Compton dreaded to cut one open, and looked fearfully at the first words of every local paragraph. She had a distressed consciousness that her neighbors of every degree pushed certain journals out of sight whenever she happened to come across the papers—in the village post-office, thrown down on a carriage cushion, spread out on a Knotley shop counter.

Lady Fermor had always been her husband's head nurse in his serious attacks of illness, and she continued punctual in her attendance on him till death released her from her post. For the last day and night she never quitted his bedroom. Iris was not permitted to enter, but all who came and went from the semi-darkness and the muffled sounds, into daylight and natural noise, appeared with disturbed or scared faces. Even Soames, in her reticence and composure, broke down a little, and murmured she wondered Lady Fermor could stand it. She did not think she herself could—not though it were for a pension—Soames's one idea of a bribe.

The incident leaked out from other sources that Lord Fermor, who was pronounced unconscious, while he retained his powers of speech had been calling for his wife, with hardly an interval of silence, throughout his protracted death-struggle. Sometimes he spoke in a voice of piteous entreaty, sometimes of abject terror, sometimes of hoarse reproach, sometimes of sharp summons. But however the tones might vary, there was never an alteration in the name, it was always that of his master spirit, his temptress, the curse of his life.

She kept answering in her loud, bold voice. At first she said, "I'm here, Fermor," as if she would rouse him to the fact of her presence. Then she cried, "I'm coming, I'm coming, Fermor." At last she fell into "I'll follow, never doubt, I'll follow, Fermor," with a kind of fierce impatience and determination ringing out in reply to the feeble call. When all was still, Lady Fermor came down-stairs with a face almost as pinched and grey as the face in the room above, but making no other sign.

Iris looked at her grandmother with generous, tender longing. Could the stout heart have gone through the awful ordeal without being melted? Would not the aged new-made widow suffer a word of sympathy from one of her last de-

scendants, the sole descendant of him who was gone?

The rector, who had been waiting in the house, had followed Lady Fermor down-stairs. He advanced and said, "My dear and venerable friend, our dear departed friend has left us full of years," he had almost added "and full of honors," but stopped in time, a little awkwardly. "He has been long spared to us, we must not refuse to give him up, though our human hearts may bleed. We look to you—the greatest sufferer of us all—for an example of fortitude. Dear Lady Fermor, he is not lost but gone before. You must not give way."

She looked at the speaker, with the self-command that had never faltered, and a supercilious expression, as if she were tempted to say, "Don't I know all that already? Can't I tell beforehand what you and your cloth are prepared to whisper into my ear?" But when she opened her mouth it was to make another remark. "When my lord was at his best, he was a man, and not a milksop," she said, with emphasis. Then she went on in a lower key, "It would have been better for him to have been taken away before he became a burden to himself and others." With the next breath she observed briskly to her speechless coadjutor, "Come, we have a great deal of business on our hands. I sent last night for Metcalfe," naming the family lawyer. "Has he come or written? Tom Mildmay—I beg his pardon—the present Lord Fermor, must be telegraphed for. The funeral arrangements ought to be made immediately."

The dowager Lady Fermor gave no thought to rest or seclusion. The world had always ranked with her, if not before, certainly immediately after, the flesh and the devil. The world was of signal importance to her still, and she had been fond of business in her prime. Even in its grimmest aspect, and under the burden of her years, she looked to it for solace and abstraction.

"She must miss and mourn for him in her own way," Iris said to herself slowly. She was not wanted in the busy days which followed. She wandered away by herself, or sat seeking to recall the few kindnesses her grandfather had shown her. With a little hesitation, lest her grandmother should object to the gentle tribute, Iris gathered and arranged the flowers which were to lie on his bed and on his coffin, as the last dutiful service she could render him.

Lady Fermor would not be persuaded

to remain away from the funeral. She tottered on Iris's arm by choice from the mourning coach to the church, and then to the mouth of the vault to look down with dry eyes on Lord Fermor's final resting-place, in the niche next to that in which her own worn-out body would soon lie.

At the reading of the will, when Iris was again present with her grandmother, it was found, as most of those interested were previously aware, that by the agreement with Tom Mildmay, Lambford was still secured to Lady Fermor as a residence during the few years she could survive. In addition to her furniture Lord Fermor bequeathed to his widow the remnant of the fortune which was at his disposal, apart from the entailed estates. The bequest was practically unconditional, for the slight mention of his granddaughter Iris's name, though it was coupled with a recommendation, still left the succession entirely a matter of Lady Fermor's will and pleasure. She had caused it to be written that the testator devised such and such property for her use during her lifetime, and on her death for the use of their granddaughter, Iris Elizabeth Compton, or to be disposed of in any other way which Lady Fermor should see fit.

Iris was thus left dependent on her grandmother. The girl had never conceived of any other disposal of Lord Fermor's means, than that he had executed. Brought up under the sole control of Lady Fermor, accustomed to her precedence in everything, it appeared but natural and right that to her should continue the sovereign power.

Later in the afternoon of the funeral day, not only the new Lord Fermor but the new dowager continued still closeted with business men lingering over trifles which were pronounced of moment, and which held a fascination both for the heir and his natural enemy with whom he was too prudent a man to quarrel, preferring to maintain towards her his old attitude of cold politeness and armed neutrality. Iris sat alone in the drawing-room amidst the pompous space and tarnished gorgeousness which seemed to mock at the narrow bounds of a coffin and the most glittering tinsel that could deck a coffin lid. She was at the farthest window, to which she most frequently retreated. She was yielding herself up to that sense of the emptiness of the dwelling, and the hollowness of life itself, which is apt to haunt any sensitive imaginative mind, in

a household from which its dead has been taken away to be buried out of sight, even when there has been no anguish of spirit in the rending of near ties. Then one of the servants came to her with a message. A lady had been inquiring several times that day at the nearest lodge, which was a short distance from the house. She had been asking for Miss Compton in reference to the possibility of seeing her. The lady was at the lodge now, waiting till Miss Compton should be told.

Iris thought of Lucy and her affectionate sympathy. The lodge-keeper was a stranger, who had taken service at Lambford only the other day. He and his wife might not recognize the rector's daughter; and no doubt it was from reluctance to intrude at such a time, that even Lucy had not come on to the house.

Iris looked at her watch—there was time enough to spare before the first dinner bell rang, even if Lady Fermor did not eat her dinner, for once, in her dressing-room. She ran up for her hat and jacket and hurried to the lodge. It was a wild, windy day, during which showers of hail had repeatedly pelted down the petals of the wild cherry blossom and scattered them about the walks. A blast came scurrying along faster than Iris walked, so that she could only distinguish a tall figure, surely taller than Lucy, standing looking out for her at the lodge-house door. The figure stepped forward to meet Iris. It was not Lucy Acton, it was Lady Thwaite.

Iris felt vexed and troubled. On this day of all days she would least like to annoy Lady Fermor: This was not a time and place for Lady Thwaite to appear, when Iris could no more invite her up to the house than she could have bidden Sir William attend the recent funeral. It was something, however, that her ladyship was dressed with much greater propriety than on the last occasion when Iris had seen her. In fact, Lady Thwaite was clad more in accordance with the station to which Sir William had raised her, than Iris had yet known her to be. Honor wore a fur-lined travelling cloak wrapped round her to protect her from the driving wind and hail, and she had on a fur cap to match, which sheltered her head and became her. But, after all, the most suitable dress could not do much to qualify an unauthorized and undesirable visit.

"You do not care to see me, Miss Compton," cried Lady Thwaite, speaking first, "but I could not go without one more look at you."

"Are you going so soon?" answered Iris, startled. "I thought you were not to sail till next month, when the season would be more advanced, and you might depend on better weather."

"Father and I are getting too weary," said Lady Thwaite, with a little smile; "besides, one can never tell how many more opportunities there may be. I thought there might be a likelier chance of seeing you this afternoon than later, when other great folks be come to comfort you, and when Lady Fermor is able to take her ride in her carriage again."

"Perhaps," said Iris doubtfully; then she said more readily, in the goodness of her heart, "it was kind of you to wish to bid me good-bye, and I am sure you will not be offended if I cannot stay long talking to you. You know poor Lord Fermor was only buried this morning, and I must not fret Lady Fermor to-day by being out of the way, should she want me."

"No, to be sure," Honor admitted frankly. "But, my sakes! how tied up you are, and what a little delicate creature — if you will forgive me for saying so — you do look in your black. You are not much above my shoulder, if we were to measure, miss."

"I believe it without measuring," said Iris with a faint smile; "more than that, as I am not very little — I am as tall as Miss Acton, for instance — you must be a big woman, big and strong, fit to face and conquer the world."

"Ah! but it was you as faced and conquered me and Will, when I durst not have done it to him, not though he is my master. Now weren't that strange? a delicate, dainty young lady as couldn't shoulder or fire a gun, not to save your life, but you could face the wild beastesses which he said him and me were when the drink were in him and the rove on me!"

"It was not I," said Iris; "it was the good that was deep down in your own hearts; it was the spirit of goodness striving with your spirits. If I helped you by a word or a look that is my great reward. Oh! Lady Thwaite, see that good overcomes. Fight and pray for yourself and your husband, and may God bless and prosper you in the land to which you are going."

"That's a kind wish, Miss Compton, and I'm main indebted to you for it and for all that went before it," said Honor less restlessly and flightily, in a more subdued, earnest tone. "Surely I'll do my best, if — if he comes to me of his own free will, if he shows me beyond mistake

that there is none as is like me to him, none — not even an angel from heaven as can come between us two." And again, with one of the quick revulsions natural to her moods, the craving for supremacy, the exacting tyranny of a proud and passionate temper flashed from her grey eyes.

"Sir William has gone to you; he has shown you that already," said Iris a little wearily, as she remembered with self-reproach afterwards. "Don't play with your newly found peace; don't be captious and plague your husband with idle suspicions. I cannot tell — I am speaking from what I imagine and what I have read, but I believe if you would keep a man you must trust him." She was in haste to get back. "Good-bye, Honor; I will not say farewell, for although we shall be far apart, there is no saying but that we may meet again."

Iris did not know how far she would be, in time to come, from this early friend and late claimant on her pity and charity. The girl could not guess under what different conditions the two would meet again, as she hurried home, feeling that on this day she ought not to be abroad, ought not to be engaged in the most innocent unpremeditated interview of which her grandmother would disapprove. It seemed to her as if Honor Thwaite and her husband were melting away from her view, fast sinking beneath the horizon, gone together for their new chance and their united struggle in a fresh country, while she remained forlorn, standing by her colors, facing Lady Fermor and the world.

Under the circumstances, Iris heard nothing from the world without, of Lady Thwaite and Sir William for the next ten days, when an appalling piece of intelligence startled and shocked her.

On the very morning following Lady Thwaite's visit to Iris, Sir William, to his unbounded surprise, dismay, and anger, found his wife's place vacant and herself gone without leave. She had left a letter for him primitively queer in caligraphy, orthography, and syntax generally, still queerer in sense, but eminently characteristic of the wayward woman: —

"DEAR WILL THWAITE, — By the time this retches you and finds you all well, father and me, we will have sailed for 'Merica. We, leastways I, for father did no more than I bid he, 'ave stolen a march on you and are starting in the small 'ours so as train may retch Liverpool in time for us to sale in a himmigrant vessel as is to

leave old England a month before the vessel in which you was to take our births. The reason why, Will, is that I wishes to leave you free to make your choice anew. I am sensible as our marriage do not have answered so far, and I have been a trouble and a burden to you—druv you back to the wild curses of your youth. All that may be ended, I hop so, with all my hart for your sake, still more than for my own; but I've made up my mind, Will Thwaite, you shall not be forced to keep to your bond. If you prefers to stay on at Whitehills without the cumberance I have been to you, if you would lick to go back to the ranks of the fine laddies and gentlemen as you're entitled to walk in, this here is to say you can and welcome. Even though I had not done you enuff harm already, I am not the womman to hold a man against the grain. But, Will, if you do care, the rod is before you as before me. You have not to do, but to come on in the next ship, as us spoke on, and father and me will be awaiting of you at New York. I can take caire of myself, as you know, and father, too, both; so no more at present, and I am your servant to command or your loving wife as you will.

"HONOR THWAITE."

Sir William Thwaite was not a meek man by nature. Events had left him full of honest compunction and desire to amend his ways, no doubt, but he was also sore, worried, and irritable.

He took great umbrage at this last very inconvenient and unseemly freak of Honor's. He did not distrust her word or even her motive, but her plea of offering him the freedom which was not hers to give, and of testing his love, did not touch him, as it might have appealed to his heart had there been more of true love than of mere kindness and pity for her there. He fell back on the charge of deceit and falsehood which he had been forced to bring against her from the first. She had promised to do her best, she had been elated and filled with sanguine anticipations of the wilds of western America, and what had her good intentions and extravagant hopes come to? He predicted it would be always thus, she would be wrong-headed, perverse, and crafty, if not treacherous, to the close of the chapter.

But he would circumvent her, if possible. She was not fit to take care of herself. Abe was no proper protector for his daughter and another man's wife. She had taken away enough money for two steerage berths, which would throw her

into company the least capable of restraining and shielding her, while he did not believe she had sufficient means for the maintenance of herself and her father on landing.

Sir William set off, within an hour of getting his wife's letter, in pursuit of her. He hoped to arrive in Liverpool before the emigrant ship had sailed, to go on board of her the first thing, and intercept the fugitives. He would either induce his wife to return and wait for the vessel on which he had originally fixed, or he would insist on taking his passage in her ship, and sailing with her and her father.

When Sir William arrived, he found not only that the ship was out of the Mersey, but that the pilot had returned, and there was no hope of his overtaking her. Indeed, she had gone even before Lady Thwaite arrived, but her ladyship had been equal to the occasion, and was so resolute in her purpose that she had hired a boat and followed in time to be taken on board when the pilot was dismissed. There was no good in rushing to Ireland, for the ship was not to touch there. Much displeased and disheartened, Sir William stayed on for a time at the first railway hotel he had entered. He made inquiries about the next vessel to sail for America, and settled to go with a screw steamer in the course of the following week, without returning to Whitehills to show "his diminished face" there. He would leave all the concluding arrangements, as to the letting of the house, and the supplying him from time to time with funds, to Mr. Mills, and he would write and summon Bill Rogers, who was to be his fellow voyager.

The weather was now fine, even balmy for the season, the equinoctial gales had blown by. Sir William had not so much as the sardonic satisfaction of reflecting that Honor in her first experience of seasickness might be ruining her wilfulness in giving him the slip—she had hardly ever been ill in her life before—and that subdued by circumstances she might miss him, and repent of her rash separation from him.

The forsaken husband was loitering about the docks, when he became aware of a certain ferment and stir among the dockyard laborers. He heard fragments of seafaring talk; one old man said to another, "There a' been nothin' like it, Ben, sin' the last runnin' down off the Kent coast, or the sinkin' of the 'Princess Alice' in the Thames."

"Took her right in the waist, Joe,"

answered his mate, "and clipped her there so that her were not only stove in, but parted midship and went down in two bits, one after t'other like two stones. There weren't no time to sing out for help, even if t'other vessel hadn't sailed on, as fast as she could run, and never looked behind her. Not more than a couple of boats could be got down, and they do say nine-tenths of the whole lot of them poor people are in Davy's locker by this time."

"Right of sea-way, do you say? That ain't a question will be tackled in our day, Joe, not till lords and ladies and princes and princesses 'ave had their turn of clustering like bees about the gangway with their screams horful, as them that a' heerd do tell. Bless ee! What do the sinking of an immigrant ship or two, 'cause of want of rule of right of sea-way, make to the Lords and Commons?"

Sir William stood as if nailed to the spot, with his heart failing him for fear of what had befallen some unhappy voyagers. He could make out the talk to refer to a collision of ships at sea, with great loss of life. On inquiry he learnt a few more details: that right of way, which may be even more fatally neglected or misunderstood on water than on land, had been disregarded or blundered over once again. Two vessels — the one foreign the other an English emigrant ship — had run foul of each other in a fog off the Welsh coast. The foreigner had drawn off little injured, and sailed away like a cowardly depredator and wanton murderer. The emigrant ship had suddenly parted midships, settled, and sunk, before more than a couple of boats could be lowered and put off. Of a great living freight sailing along without a dream of danger — no storm in the sky, no heaving, tossing sea, neither rocks nor breakers ahead, the mother country still in sight — the mass had perished.

The words "emigrant ship" caused Sir William to clinch his teeth to keep in a cry. The name? There was no doubt of it. The name was that of the vessel in which his wife and her father had sailed. But still there was a glimmer of hope. Two boat-loads of passengers had escaped. Boats from other ships on the same course might have picked up such of the shipwrecked men and women as could swim, or keep themselves afloat for a space, in the sea "as calm as a pond." Nay, it was reported that some persons in the emigrant ship at the moment of collision had leapt on board the other vessel, which had taken itself off.

There was no printed list as yet of the passengers saved, but it would be published as soon as authentic intelligence could be procured; and there would be no difficulty in reaching the little village on the Welsh coast, the nearest point to the scene of the accident.

Sir William made one in a terror-stricken, half-despairing little crowd of relations and friends. Scarcely recovered from the pang of temporary parting, they hurried in hot haste to the locality of the disaster to ascertain if the parting had been forever in this world, and to exchange the passing pang for the weeping, which would not be comforted, for those who were not.

The tale conveyed to Liverpool was found substantially correct. There was still great uncertainty with regard to the fate of individuals; but the many bodies already washed on shore served not merely as grievous confirmation to the heavy loss of life, but bore melancholy testimony to the final chapter in the history of not a few men and women.

Sir William received his answer in the first ghastly row of corpses he inspected. It came to him in the spectacle of a drowned young woman of fine physique, with a marriage ring on the third finger of one brown hand. She had on a dark dress, with which had been worn a bright-colored neckerchief still knotted about the throat. The rich color had been washed out of the cheeks and lips, the grey eyes looked up without speculation in their congealed depths. But there was no disfiguring mark on the still face, and there was eternal peace in the breast which heaved no longer. He had followed her full of justifiable anger, but there was no room for anger or for anything save immeasurable sorrow when he overtook her. Of what use had been the splendid strength which had not preserved the brave life for a little hour? She had saved another from a more dangerous pond than that pondlike sea, but she could not save herself. Why had he not been at hand to repay the life she had given back to him? Was it always to be thus in his history, that the women who saved him were to suffer and die as their part in the salvation?

Old Abe's body was not to be found, and without waiting to search for it, Sir William did indeed carry home his wife to Whitehills, but it was in her coffin. There was a great talk, much scandal, and some pity excited by her untimely end. There was a funeral at Whitehills

to which some of Sir William's neighbors and social equals — among them Mr. Hollis — came uninvited, and to which he himself bade those of the quarry men who had been Honor's relations and friends. But though the widower, silent and stern in his suffering, ordered that the late Lady Thwaite's remaining kindred and former associates should return with him to the house and have refreshments set before them, he himself did not eat or drink with them, and he took his last leave of his guests on the threshold.

"You were no true friends to Lady Thwaite," he said coldly; "she owned it at the last. You know she quitted the country without saying good bye to one of you. You are no friends of mine that I should ever seek to see you again — still I have had you here to-day, because blood is thicker than water, and because, admitting my own misdoings, I bear no ill-will to you. And if you can point out at any time a way in which I can really help you, I will do it, for her sake who was a link between us, since she, my wife, counted kin with you."

The quarry folk departed, discomfited and affronted. They wanted none of his help, or his sauce either. What, was he to come it over them with his taunts and lectures? they blustered amongst themselves. They supposed they were not to have another blow-out when old Abe's carcase cast up. He was to be buried like a dog. But they would not suffer it. They would bury old Abe like one of themselves, and drink themselves blind in his honor, to shame the turncoat squire, with his wet and his dry bouts, his sinning and repenting.

But in spite of Sir William's efforts and offers of reward the remains of old Abe never "cast up," so as to be disposed of honorably or dishonorably. He either slept as quietly as many another at the bottom of the sea, or his un-identified body filled a pauper's grave, or it was just possible he escaped, and vanished into obscurity. He had the secretiveness, love of mystery, intrigue, and sensation, the restlessness and fitfulness inherited from an ancient migratory, predatory race. He had transmitted some of these traits to his daughter, intermingled with the headstrong impulses of a warmer, more faithful heart, and a more generous temper, a union more perilous than the tendencies taken singly.

If Abe did survive the destruction of the "Geoffrey Hudson," his dislike of being looked after, cared for, or, as he would

have considered, shelved, and perhaps his apprehension of Sir William's anger, because Abe had abetted his daughter and furthered the scheme which had cost her life, prevented the old man from ever reporting himself to his son-in-law, and claiming his assistance. Like a wail, or the wild, hairy creature of the woods, which the little ex-gamekeeper had first appeared to the master on whom he had preyed, Abe drifted away into oblivion, replaced, as his predecessors the squatters had been, by more reasonable and steadier sons of the soil.

From The National Review.

HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE.

DURING the anxious months of 1857, when the eyes of all Englishmen were bent upon the struggle in the East, few names attracted more attention than that of Hodson of Hodson's Horse. His daring raids at the head of the famous guides and of the motley regiment of cavalry with which his name has since been associated, were chronicled in every newspaper. A few months after his death, his brother, the Reverend George Hodson, published a memoir of his life, which ran through three editions, and which taught many people to believe that he united in himself the qualities of a paladin of romance and those of a Christian hero. The professed historians of the Mutiny painted his portrait in less attractive colors: but the ample space which they devoted to the record of his deeds, bore witness to the high estimate which they had formed of his powers. And when, in clubs or drawing-rooms, conversation turned upon the Mutiny, those whose knowledge of its history was limited to a few vague ideas or recollections of Cawnpore, of Delhi, or of Lucknow, were tolerably sure to have heard at least the name of the daring partisan leader.

It is probable, however, that most readers would have known little more of Hodson than his name, if the outspokenness or, as some would call it, the indiscretion of a biographer had not made his character the subject of a controversy. How bitterly his memory was attacked by Mr. Bosworth Smith in the "Life of Lord Lawrence," will be fresh in the recollection of many. Before the appearance of that book, Anglo-Indians had often repeated to each other stories which reflected upon Hodson's reputation; but of

these stories the general public knew nothing. Mr. Bosworth Smith, however, gave them a wide circulation. Soon after the publication of his book, a naval officer, who had known and esteemed Hodson, wrote to the *Daily News*, indignantly repudiating one of the most damaging of Mr. Bosworth Smith's charges, and fiercely denouncing him as the calumniator of a brave man. A warm controversy followed; and presently a weekly journal announced that Mr. George Hodson was about to prepare a detailed refutation of Mr. Bosworth Smith's charges.

Towards the end of last year the refutation duly appeared in the form of an introduction to a new edition of Major Hodson's "Life." It has been generally accepted by the press as satisfactory. But on a composition like Mr. Hodson's "Vindication," no ordinary reviewer, however good a critic he may be, is in a position to pronounce a solid judgment. The value of such a composition depends mainly upon minute accuracy of detail; and no man can judge whether such accuracy has been attained, unless he has examined sources of information which are always difficult of access, and weighed the testimony which he may have thus collected, with the conscientious industry of a judge trying a prisoner for his life. What newspaper reviewer can be expected to take such pains as this?

And yet it is certainly worth while to take such pains. For the friends and the enemies of Hodson are agreed that he was not only, in his own line, one of the ablest soldiers that ever lived, but also one of the most prominent actors in a historical drama which can never lose its interest for Englishmen. When men's minds have been impressed by the exploits of one of their countrymen, it is no idle curiosity which leads them to ask whether they can love and respect, as well as admire him.

William Stephen Raikes Hodson, the third son of the Reverend George Hodson, was born near Gloucester on the 19th of March, 1821. As he grew up, every one who took notice of him was attracted by his bright, affectionate ways. The intellectual characteristic which his relations specially noted in him was an extraordinary quickness of observation. Educated almost entirely at home till he was fourteen years old, he was then sent to Rugby. There he soon won for himself a reputation as a good athlete. Those of his schoolfellows who still survive doubtless remember how, at the end of

the famous Crick Run, he would come bounding with his long, easy stride up the road towards Whitehall. But even then they respected his strength of character at least as much as, if not more than his strength of wind and of limb. After he had been in the school some time, he was transferred from the house in which he had hitherto boarded, to that of Mr. Cotton, who was afterwards successively head master of Marlborough and Bishop of Calcutta. At that time there were no præpostors in the house; and it would seem that discipline had become rather lax. Young Hodson soon proved himself, if we may so say, his master's right-hand man. He would not allow the younger boys to be bullied; and he caused his præpositorial authority to be respected by the turbulent. As a natural result, he became a general favorite in the house.

His school career over, the lad went to Trinity College, Cambridge. There, too, he distinguished himself as an athlete. But, though he was fond of reading, he suffered so much from headaches that it was impossible for him to study hard. Moreover, he was constitutionally inclined to an active and adventurous life. When, therefore, after taking his degree, he had to choose a profession, he made up his mind to enter the army. Colonel William Napier, who was then lieutenant governor of Guernsey, gave him a commission in the militia of that island. During his service with this corps he was no idle loungeur or dandy. Just before he left the island for India, where he was destined to pass the remainder of his short life, Napier wrote for him a testimonial containing these words: "His education, his ability, his zeal to make himself acquainted with military matters, gave me the greatest satisfaction during his service with the militia. I think he will be an acquisition to any service."

Hodson landed at Calcutta in September, 1845, and went on at once to Agra, which was at that time the capital of the North-western Provinces. He was cordially welcomed by an old friend of his family, — the lieutenant governor, James Thomason. It happened that the first Sikh war was just then imminent. Sir Henry Hardinge, the governor-general, was at Agra, on his way to open the campaign. Hodson joined the 2nd Grenadiers, which formed part of the governor-general's escort. His earlier letters to his family were filled with accounts of the picturesque aspects of camp life. They showed, like many of the letters published

in Mr. Hodson's book, a considerable literary faculty, — a crisp, incisive style, and a power of seizing and sketching the prominent features of a scene in such a way as to leave an abiding impression of them upon the mind. But, while he was wielding his pen, his fingers were itching to grasp his sword. And his desire was on the point of being gratified. For, on Christmas Day, he wrote to tell his father that he had been in the first two battles of the first Sikh war.

Before the end of March, 1846, the war was over; and a few weeks later Hodson, whose imperious nature had been shocked by the laxity of discipline which was already undermining the loyalty of the sepoy, was transferred, at his own request, to a European regiment, the 1st Bengal Fusiliers. Soon afterwards he found himself staying at Simla with Henry Lawrence, who had lately been summoned to undertake the duties of governor-general's agent for the affairs of the north-west frontier and of the Punjaub. The experienced soldier statesman and the ardent young subaltern took to each other at once. Among the traits which most endeared Lawrence to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, were his delight in the society of younger men, his generous eagerness to spend himself in promoting their welfare and helping them to opportunities for developing their powers. He saw at once that his new friend was far abler, far better educated than the mass of young subalterns, and resolved to do all he could to give him scope for turning his gifts to account. On the other hand, he did not fail to perceive that Hodson was too fond of thinking about his own powers, that he was arrogant in manner and conversation, and that, being six or seven years older than most of the officers of his own standing in the service, he took no pains to conceal that he felt himself their superior. Hodson, for his part, at once respected and soon learned to love his newly found friend. From his conversation he learned much about Indian politics, and, in return, he eagerly helped him by copying letters and making digests of official documents. In the course of a political journey to Cashmere, the two learned to know and esteem each other still better. After their return, Lawrence, who had found out Hodson's capacity and readiness for work, asked him to undertake the secretaryship of an institution which he had long resolved to found for the benefit of the children of European soldiers. Always overflowing with sym-

pathy for the troubles of those around him, he had been especially grieved by the sight of what the children of private soldiers and of non-commissioned officers suffered, morally and physically, in barrack life. He believed that it would be possible to ameliorate their lot by building for their reception an asylum on some healthy spot in the hills; and he worked hard and spent large sums of money in maturing his design. The preliminaries were now all arranged; and it only remained to build the house. This task was undertaken by Hodson. The site of the asylum was seven miles from the station of Subathoo, where he was then living; and every day he had to ride to his work and back again. The work was of the most arduous, and, at the same time, interesting nature. Building a house in India, as he remarked in a letter to his sister, was a very different matter from what it was in England. He had to act as architect, builder, and foreman in one; to direct and control four hundred and fifty workmen, and see that they did their work; to teach himself, and then to teach them, the trades of mason, bricklayer, and carpenter. "You will naturally ask," he wrote, "how I learnt all these trades. I can only say that you can't be more astonished than I am myself, and can only satisfy you with the theory that necessity is the mother of invention."

The work which Hodson was now doing, though it lacked the element of adventure and excitement for which he longed, was of the utmost value in developing his character. It taught him to depend upon his own resources, and to act upon his own responsibility. Lawrence knew this; and, whenever Hodson asked him for advice or instruction, refused to give them. His invariable reply to all such questions was, "Act on your own judgment."*

A great rise was now in store for Hodson. In October he was appointed second in command of the famous corps of Guides. The idea of forming this corps had originated with Henry Lawrence. His object was to raise a body of men who would not only guard the north-western frontier of the Punjaub against the savage tribes who were always ready to swoop down upon it, but also hold themselves in readiness to undertake any errand of war which re-

* I have not noticed the charge that has been brought against Hodson of having plundered the funds of the asylum, because I have failed to obtain conclusive evidence for or against him. Perhaps Mr. Bosworth Smith will clear up this question in the forthcoming cheap edition of his "Life of Lord Lawrence."

quired a knowledge of the enemy's country and of his language. The recruits were raised in parties of twenty or thirty in different districts of the Punjab. They included representatives of many races and of many creeds. Notorious criminals, dare-devil highwaymen were to be found among them. Indeed, no questions were asked about the character of a candidate for enlistment. He need only show that he had a thorough knowledge of the roads, rivers, mountain passes, and resources of the neighborhood in which he lived. Unlike the pipe-clayed battalions of Hindostan, the men were dressed, at Lawrence's suggestion, in their own loose, dusky shirts, and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans. It was wisely resolved to subject them to the sort of discipline which best suited their genius,—that of personal ascendancy rather than of rules and regulations. Like the black soldiers whom Sir Samuel Baker raised in the Soudan, under a weak captain they would become a dangerous mob, but for a leader who could both dominate them and win their affections they would go anywhere and do anything. Such leaders were Lieutenant Harry Lumsden, the first commandant of the corps, and his second in command.

Some weeks elapsed before Hodson joined the Guides. In the mean time, Lawrence did not suffer him to be idle. The duties which he had to fulfil were far more varied and onerous than those which fall to the lot of an ordinary regimental officer. His business was to make himself generally useful. He was to be found at one time digging a trench, at another time investigating breaches of the peace. "In three weeks," he wrote, "I have collected and got into working order upwards of a thousand most unwilling laborers, surveyed and marked out some twenty miles of road, through a desert and forest, and made a very large piece of it." A few weeks after his appointment, he was made assistant to the resident at Lahore. There he gained experience of another kind. Suddenly he found himself called upon, without any previous training, to undertake the duties of a judge. Self-reliant as he was, he confessed that he sometimes felt inclined to question his own fitness for such work. But he gradually learned to feel more at ease. He was not required to learn the mysteries of a complicated legal system. Substantial justice was all that was asked of him. By patiently reflecting over the merits of each case which came before him, he acquired

the power of deciding rapidly and correctly: whenever he felt at a loss, he had an experienced superior to refer to; and, above all, the code which he had to administer was distinguished by extreme simplicity.

A few weeks passed away; and the scene of his labors again changed. The second Sikh war broke out. Hodson had no part to play in its more decisive scenes; but he did good service with the Guides in various districts which suffered from the attacks of the rebels. With only a hundred and twenty men to support him, he held his own in a large tract of country, dislodged the rebels, and drove them headlong out of it, collected its revenues, and raised from it supplies sufficient to feed five thousand men and horses for six months. How thoroughly the Sikhs appreciated his services, is evident from the fact that they sent out party after party to take his life, and that at one time he could not gallop a mile without running the risk of being shot at from behind some bush or wall.

His work, however, though it helped to bring his name into notice, was not directly rewarded. On the annexation of the Punjab in the spring of 1849, the regulations of the Company's service, as regarded seniority, took effect; and Hodson lost his appointment at Lahore. Soon afterwards, following the advice of Henry Lawrence and of Thomason, he left the Guides, and obtained the post of assistant commissioner at Umritsur. But he soon grew very weary of this unexciting work. He had felt the bounding enthusiasm of winning personal ascendancy over high-spirited soldiers; and he yearned to go back again to his wild Guides. After some months, he became so ill from the effects of the climate and of uncongenial labor, that he was obliged to go for a tour with Henry Lawrence in Cashmere. Each delighted in the company of the other; but the younger man, though he had a boundless admiration for his companion, never hesitated to attack his opinions when they happened to differ from his own. "He has his faults," wrote Lawrence to his brother George, "positiveness and self-will among them; but it is useful to us to have companions who contradict and keep us mindful that we are not Solomons. I believe that if Sir Charles Napier stood on his head and cut capers with his heels, he would consider it quite right that all commanders-in-chief should do so. . . . Toryism and absolutism are right, liberty only another name

for red republicanism. So you see we have enough to differ upon."

After their return, Lawrence promised to obtain for him the command of one of the Punjaub regiments, in case he should be unable to overcome his dislike of civil work. Sustaining his spirits by hope, he worked on at his uncongenial duties with might and main.

The happiest period of his life was now about to begin. Towards the end of the year, he hurried down to Calcutta; and there, on the 5th of January, 1852, he was married to a Mrs. Mitford, a lady whose acquaintance he had made in England several years before. Soon after his marriage, the second Burmese war broke out; and he expected to be ordered to the front. The prospect was by no means a pleasant one; for the campaign was sure to be both expensive and inglorious. But, to his joy, his anticipation turned out incorrect; and in September he wrote home to announce the welcome news that he had been appointed to the command of the Guides. "I am supposed," he said, "to be the luckiest man of my time. I have already had an offer from the military secretary to the Board of Administration to exchange appointments with him, although I should gain, and he would lose £200 a year by the 'swop;' but I would not listen to him. I prefer the saddle to the desk, the frontier to a respectable, dinner-giving, dressy life at the capital, and—ambition to money!"

Almost immediately after taking command of the regiment, he led it against the hillmen of the Black Mountain in Huzara, who had recently made a raid into British territory. He rejoiced in this opportunity of seeing hard service once more, and of teaching his men to trust in his leadership. Associated with him was one of his dearest friends, Colonel Robert Napier, a man whom we in this country have since learned to esteem and honor, and who still steadily refuses to disbelieve in his lost comrade's integrity. He has recorded, in letters which Mr. Hodson prints, his admiration of the manner in which the young commander conducted the campaign, and of the unfailing cheerfulness and gaiety by which he relieved the hardships of camp life. The marauders were swiftly punished; and Hodson returned with the regiment to the neighborhood of Peshawur. Encamped in mud huts, he and his men kept their carbines loaded, and their sabres keen, ready at any moment to gallop against any predatory horde that might descend into the

valley. For some months his wife was obliged to live apart from him at the hill station of Murree, lest she should fall a victim to the climate of the valley. Once or twice he was able to visit her. Towards the end of 1853 he wrote home to tell how he had just ridden hard all night to welcome his first-born, and, as it turned out, his only child into the world. By this time, after many wanderings, he had finally established his headquarters at Murdan, distant some thirty miles from Peshawur. A few weeks later his wife, bringing her child with her, came to join him in his wild home. "You would so delight," he wrote to his father, "in your little granddaughter. She is a lovely, good little darling; as happy as possible, and wonderfully quick and intelligent for her months." Month followed month; and one day differed little from another. Soon after daylight the first bugle roused the commandant. Morning parade followed; and then he would gallop across the plain to inspect some outpost, gallop back, and go for a plunge in the river, and about nine come into his quarters with a keen appetite for breakfast. The meal over, he disappeared into the tent which served him as an office; and there a variety of business awaited him. Attached to his regimental command was the civil control* of Euzofzai; and the turbulent character of the Pathans of that district gave him plenty to do. He was not surprised if, on entering his tent, he found laid out the dead bodies of several men who had perished in some brawl the night before. Sometimes a party of villagers came thronging in, loudly complaining that their crops had been beaten down by a storm, and that they did not know how they were to pay their rents. Sometimes a batch of recruits presented themselves for examination. Hardly a day passed on which one of Hodson's men did not come to tell of some wrong which had been inflicted upon him. When the business of the morning was finished, he would return to his home, to drink a glass of wine and play with his child. Towards sunset he and his wife generally ordered their horses, and galloped side by side over the plain, inhaling the cool evening air, and enjoying the sight of the shifting hues which played over the vast mountains that hung over the valley. As soon as dinner was over, when they happened to be alone, they examined together the

* This expression is not strictly accurate. He was *ex officio* magistrate and assistant commissioner of Euzofzai.

official letters which had arrived in the course of the evening; and Mrs. Hodson, after the manner of Anglo-Indian ladies, made notes of the papers which she was to copy for her husband on the morrow.

There is another point of view, however, from which Hodson's connection with the Guides must be regarded. Not content with enforcing discipline and exacting the obedience which was his due, he rapidly withdrew all legitimate authority from the officers under his command, and concentrated it in his own grasp.* Nay, so selfishly eager was he to force the men to regard him as their sole master that, in their presence, he more than once deliberately insulted and humiliated a subaltern. One night at mess, noticing that an officer had a bottle of French liqueur on the table, he said, with a joking air, "Would you let me see that?" The officer passed the bottle to him. Holding it up, Hodson said: "I can't allow you to drink such unwholesome stuff," and then, calling his orderly, told him to take it away and empty the contents outside.† Nor were his subalterns the only persons who complained of his high-handed proceedings. It happened that there was no baker at Murdan, and consequently the officers were obliged to eat the unleavened cakes of the country, instead of bread. One day Hodson said to the surgeon of the regiment, who managed the mess, "Bob, I am going to Peshawur, and I'll bring you a baker." "I fear you'll not be able," replied the surgeon, "as I have tried, and none will come out to this wilderness." Nowise discouraged, Hodson, accompanied by one of the camel-riders attached to the regiment, rode off to Peshawur; and, on his arrival, sent for a native baker, and asked him to come out to Murdan and bake for the Guides. The man declined the offer. Hodson, however, was not at the end of his resources. Calling the camel-rider, he asked the baker whether he might give him a lift home. With profuse expressions of gratitude, the baker mounted. The camel-rider understood his master's meaning. Away went the camel at full speed towards Murdan; and the kidnapped baker remained with the regiment for many years.‡ It is not to be wondered at if, with such an overbearing temper and such a reckless

contempt for the rights of others, Hodson made many enemies.

But, with all his faults, he had a heart; and a heavy sorrow was soon to befall him. Early in June, 1854, his wife was obliged to return to Murree; and a few days later he was summoned to join her by the news that their child was dangerously ill. She was sinking fast when he arrived: for a fortnight he watched hopelessly by her bedside; and then she died. "It has been a very, very bitter blow to us," he wrote; "she had wound her little being round our hearts to an extent which we neither of us knew until we woke from the brief dream of beauty, and found ourselves childless."

Before this bereavement, Hodson's career had been, on the whole, singularly prosperous. But a series of troubles was now coming upon him. The officers whom he had humiliated, feeling that their men no longer respected them, became exasperated against him. For some mysterious reason, he had taken a dislike to the Pathans of the regiment, splendid soldiers, to whom his predecessor had been warmly attached, and had discharged many of them without even giving them their arrears of pay. As time passed, the officers and many of the men who remained, came to suspect him of misappropriating public moneys which passed through his hands.* The chief commissioner of the Punjab was worried by receiving complaints against him both from officers and from civilians.† At length he received an order from the Punjab government to furnish a return of all the men whom he had discharged from the regiment, and to state the reasons which had led him to discharge them. He drew out the required document in his own handwriting, forwarded it to the government, and then left Murdan on leave. During his absence, the document was sent back to the officer who was temporarily commanding the regiment, with a request that the adjutant's signature should be affixed to it. The adjutant, however, refused to affix his signature, on the ground that certain statements in the document were untrue.‡ The result was that, towards the end of the year, Hodson was summoned, by order of the commander-in-chief, to appear before a court of enquiry at Murdan. His bearing in the

* This statement is made on the authority of General Sir Harry Lumsden, K.C.S., I.C.B., who knew Hodson well, and liked him, and of an old officer of the Guides who served under Hodson's command.

† I learned this from the officer himself.

‡ This anecdote is told on the same authority as the last.

* Stated on the authority of the above-mentioned officer and of Sir Harry Lumsden.

† Life of Lord Lawrence, vol. i., pp. 437-9.

‡ Stated on the authority of a letter in my possession from the officer who asked the adjutant for his signature.

face of the approaching ordeal was characteristic. "Pray," he wrote to a friend, "impress upon John Lawrence's mind that I am not in the smallest degree disposed to shrink from the strictest enquiry into any act of mine in command of the Guides." A short time before the enquiry began, Hodson went to the quarters of one of his subalterns, and asked him in whose favor he intended to give evidence. The subaltern replied that he hoped he should not be called upon to give evidence at all; but that, if he were, he should simply give truthful answers to such questions as might be put to him. "Oh yes!" rejoined Hodson, "of course we must all tell the truth; but there are different ways of doing it. At all events, if I find myself falling, I shall drag you with me; so I give you warning."*

The court was composed of officers of various regiments quite unconnected with the Guides. It sat for several weeks, minutely investigated Hodson's account-books,† and cross-examined a number of witnesses on oath. On the 15th of January, 1855, the proceedings terminated; and the conclusions at which the court arrived were unfavorable to Hodson's character. In his letters to his brother he stoutly maintained that the verdict had been founded on one-sided evidence, and that he had not had the opportunity of producing his accounts. "I can only trust," he wrote, "in the eventual production of all the papers to put things in their proper light. In the mean time, I must endeavor to face the wrong, the grievous, foul wrong, with a constant and unshaken heart, and to endure humiliation and disgrace with as much equanimity as I may, and with the same soldier-like fortitude with which I ought to face danger, suffering, and death in the path of duty." Again and again he demanded that his accounts should be minutely examined by another authority. At length, in the month of August, his demand was assented to; and certain papers which, there is strong reason to believe, he had not shown to the court at all, were placed by him in the hands of Major Reynell Taylor. This officer, after a thorough investigation, presented to the chief commissioner of the Punjab a report in which he completely exonerated Hodson from all guilt. On an impartial review of the case, it may be

confidently pronounced that the decision of the court of enquiry was correct. That court was composed of officers none of whom can be suspected of having had any motive for judging Hodson unjustly. It is certain that they examined his accounts with the most scrupulous care. On the other hand, it was believed at the time, and is still believed by men who had the best opportunities for forming an opinion, that the papers submitted to Reynell Taylor had been garbled by Hodson. Be this, however, as it may, it is impossible to believe that Hodson would have tried, as he did, to intimidate one of his officers into giving evidence in his favor, that he would have spoken of the possibility of his being found guilty, if he had not been conscious of guilt.

Before this, Hodson had exposed himself to an accusation of another kind. The Peshawur valley swarmed with Mahometan fanatics and with cut-throats who, at their bidding, would, at any moment, attempt the assassination of a European. In September, 1853, Colonel Mackeson, the commissioner of Peshawur, was assassinated; and, a few months later, a murderous attack, which, however, proved unsuccessful, was made upon an officer of the Guides, called Lieutenant Godby. Hodson obtained what he regarded as convincing evidence that one Kader Khan, a chieftain of Euzofzai, had instigated both the assassination and the abortive attack. But as his conduct on two subsequent occasions proved, Hodson was unfit to judge of the value of evidence; and he had, apparently, no idea that justice demanded that a prisoner should be tried and convicted before he was punished. Constituting himself the judge of Kader Khan, he confiscated his property, and sent him into Peshawur in chains. For five months the accused man remained a prisoner in the Peshawur gaol. At the end of that time he was arraigned by Hodson, in the Commissioner's Court, on the charge of having instigated the attack on Lieutenant Godby. The case for the prosecution completely broke down; and Kader Khan was honorably acquitted.* Herbert Edwardes, who was then

* I have examined MS. copies of all the correspondence connected with the case. Robert Montgomery, the judicial commissioner of the Punjab, and Capt. James, the deputy commissioner of Peshawur, both agreed with Edwardes that Kader Khan was innocent, and that Hodson had treated him unjustly. It is to be observed (1) that Kader Khan was not originally confronted with his accusers; (2) that Hodson did not enquire into the truth of the charge against him until after he had arrested him; (3) that one of the witnesses told Edwardes that, when giving evidence against Kader Khan in Hodson's court, he had acted from fear.

* Stated on the authority of the subaltern himself.

† Stated on the authority of an officer who was examined as a witness by the court, and who, with his own eyes, saw the account-books being investigated, and of an ex-member of the court.

commissioner of Peshawur, had been one of Hodson's warmest admirers; but now he naturally felt that a man so hasty and so liable to be hurried by his feelings into committing acts of injustice as Hodson had shown himself to be, was unfit to be trusted with civil power over fierce tribes for the management of whom tact was needed as well as firmness. On public grounds, therefore,* he caused a report of the whole affair to be sent to the governor-general. Lord Dalhousie severely condemned Hodson's proceedings, and directed that he should be dismissed from civil employment, and from the command of the Guides. Considering that that command was linked with the civil charge of a district, and that it was of vital importance that its holder should be not only a good soldier but also a civil officer of tact and judgment, no impartial judge will pronounce that the governor-general was unduly severe.

Nevertheless, in writing to his friends, Hodson assumed the tone of a deeply injured man; and his letters were, to all appearance, inspired by such genuine feeling, that they would conquer the warm sympathy of any casual reader. "What a year this has been," he wrote, towards the end of 1855; "what ages of trial and of sorrow seem to have been crowded into a few short months! Our darling babe was taken from us on the day my public misfortunes began, and death has robbed us of our father before their end." Again, in a letter to his sister, "I trust fondly that better days are coming; but really the weary watching and waiting for a gleam of daylight through the clouds, and never to see it, is more harassing and harder to bear up against than I could have supposed possible." Having been deprived of his command, he was obliged, in April, 1856, after eleven years of hard work and distinguished service, after enjoying the sweets of independent command, to rejoin his regiment, the 1st Fusiliers, as a subaltern. He had brought this degradation upon himself; but he bore it like a man. His colonel paid him the compliment of asking him to act as quartermaster, and afterwards bore testimony to the energy and thoroughness with which he had done his work. "I yearn to be at home again and see you all," he wrote towards the end of the year, "but I am obliged to check all such repinings and longings,

and keep down all canker cares and bitter nesses, and set my teeth hard, and will earnestly to struggle on and do my allotted work as well and cheerfully as may be, satisfied that in the end a brighter time will come." Months passed away; and still the brighter time would not come. Weary of waiting for the redress which he did not deserve, Hodson at length resolved to go down to Calcutta and endeavor to procure from the governor-general an acknowledgment that his character had been cleared by Major Taylor's report.

But this resolve was never to be carried out. The wheel of fortune had suddenly spun round. On the 12th of May the 1st Fusiliers received an order to hold themselves in readiness to march, at a moment's notice, for Umballah. Flashed up the wires from Delhi, this message had warned the authorities of the Punjab: "The sepoys have come in from Meerut, and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and, we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up." The Bengal army was in revolt.

Within a few hours Hodson was at Umballah; and on the 15th the commander-in-chief, General Anson, arrived thither from Simla. He had already received a telegram from John Lawrence, urging him to march with all speed against Delhi; but he had great difficulties to contend with; and, though he did his utmost, he lacked the force and the genius to overcome them. Hodson was, of course, eager for instant action. "Unless," he remarked in a letter to his wife, "very prompt and vigorous measures are taken, the whole army, and perhaps a large portion of India, will be lost to us. Here alarm is the prevalent feeling, and conciliation, of men with arms in their hands and in a state of absolute rebellion, the order of the day. . . . Oh for Sir Charles Napier now!" He was soon to find an opportunity of showing the metal of which he was himself made. Two days after his arrival at Umballah, he was sent for by the commander-in-chief, who appointed him assistant quartermaster-general on his own personal staff. On the 19th he was ordered to raise a new regiment of Irregular Horse, which afterwards bore his name, and distinguished itself on many fields under his command. On the evening of the previous day he had set out in the mail-cart for Kurnaul, to make arrangements for the shelter of the advanced detachment of the troops which were being assembled for the march

* Mr. Hodson has stated (Hodson of Hodson's Horse, p. 123), without any foundation, that Edwardes "was, both on public and private grounds, opposed to" Hodson.

against Delhi. While he was engaged in this work he conceived a daring idea. Before the commander-in-chief could begin his march, it was necessary that he should communicate with the general at Meerut. But the road from Kurnaul to Meerut was believed to be in possession of mutineers. In this extremity, Hodson sent a message to the commander-in-chief, offering to open a passage to the distant station. Anson, who saw the difficulties of the undertaking, but did not fully appreciate the union of reckless daring and calm judgment which characterized Hodson, withheld his consent for a time: but Hodson's earnest remonstrances prevailed; and on the 20th of May the telegraph brought him a favorable reply. At two o'clock he rode off with no other escort than a few horsemen lent by a friendly chief, the rajah of Jheend. "Hodson is at Umballah, I know," said an officer at Meerut, "and I'll bet he will force his way through and open communications with the commander-in-chief and ourselves." The officer knew his man. In seventy-two hours, having ridden a hundred and fifty-two miles through an enemy's country, delivered his message, and obtained all the required information, Hodson returned to Kurnaul. Hurrying on in the mail-cart, he presented himself within another four hours before his chief at Umballah. Now that he had acquired the information for which he had waited, Anson drew up his plan of campaign, and recorded it in a despatch which he wrote for the instruction of the general at Meerut. But he was not suffered to execute even the first stage of his design. Sending on the main body of his troops before him, he followed with the last batch on the 25th of May. Two days later he was lying dead of cholera at Kurnaul.

General Sir Henry Barnard, a veteran of the Crimea, who succeeded him in the command of the army, marched from Kurnaul on the 31st of May, and arrived at Alepore, near Delhi, on the 5th of June. There, two days later, he was joined by the Meerut contingent under Brigadier Wilson, who, on his march, had gained two victories over the mutineers. On the following day the whole force broke up its camp, defeated a large body of mutineers, who had posted themselves at a group of buildings called Budlee-kaseral, in the hope of checking its advance, and, before night, encamped on the famous Ridge, which commands the northern and part of the western face of Delhi. John Law-

rence afterwards declared that, if Barnard had followed up his victory over the disheartened fugitives, he might, at one stroke, have made himself master of the imperial city. But the opportunity, if such it was, was lost.

Barnard soon saw that the task which lay before him was a hard one. The fortifications were too strong to be battered down by such artillery as he then had at his disposal; and the city was far too extensive to be invested by his little force. All that he could do was to watch the portion, little more than a seventh of the whole, that faced the Ridge. But he knew that his government and his countrymen, ignorant or heedless of the difficulties which beset him, expected him to recapture Delhi without a moment's delay; and he therefore resolved, not with the resolution of the strong man, but with the desperation of the gambler, to try any enterprise that offered the remotest chance of success. A clever young lieutenant of Engineers, named Wilberforce Greathed, who was longing for an opportunity to distinguish himself, succeeded in persuading him that the city could be taken by a *coup-de-main*. Hodson, on whose judgment the general set a high value, expressed a similar opinion. To dare, and to dare, and to dare again, was the motto on which he always acted; and he believed that, if the city were not assaulted at once, the siege might be indefinitely protracted. The general accordingly ordered him to join Greathed and two other Engineer officers in drawing up a detailed plan of attack. On the 12th of June orders were issued for the execution of the scheme: but an accident prevented it from being even attempted; and, after holding a council of war to consider the question, Barnard allowed the idea to drop. It is probable that, if the assault had been delivered on the night of the 12th, the city would have been taken: but, at the best, the attempt would have been a hazardous one; and, if it had failed, the results would have been calamitous.

It soon became evident that Delhi was not to be taken without a long and tedious struggle. For some time a battle was fought outside the walls, on an average every other day. The enemy were indeed invariably beaten: but no positive advantage accrued to the conquerors. Moreover, the victories were dearly bought. From the 30th of May to the 30th of June, the Rifles alone lost a hundred and sixty-five men, killed, wounded,

and destroyed by disease. Barnard had proved himself a fair soldier on European fields; but he knew nothing of Indian warfare. The evil results of his inexperience were intensified by want of decision. Hodson, who, like every other officer in the force, respected him for his conscientious performance of duty, and loved him for his personal qualities, could not help chafing against his incompetence. "The mismanagement," he wrote, about three weeks after the commencement of the so-called siege, "is perfectly sickening. Nothing the rebels can do will equal the evils arising from incapacity and indecision. . . . with our present chiefs I see no chance of taking Delhi. It might have been done many days ago, but they have not the nerve nor the heart for a bold stroke requiring the smallest assumption of responsibility." A few days after these words were written, Barnard died of cholera. His successor, General Reed, who, in his prime, had never shown any particular sign of military talent, was now old, and enfeebled by hardship and anxiety, and had to go to the hills on sick leave a week after assuming the command. General Archdale Wilson, the fourth commander of the Delhi field force, was a good artillery officer; and many expected great results from his appointment: but he too was vacillating, irresolute, and despondent: like his predecessors, he soon became ill from the combined effects of heat, anxiety, and incessant toil; and he lacked the stoutness of heart which enabled some of his officers to triumph over physical prostration. The idea of an assault was more than once revived; but, from various causes, it was as often abandoned. Week after week the tedious struggle dragged on; and it was not till the siege had lasted nearly two months that the British began to feel that they were really gaining ground.

Meanwhile Hodson had been doing all that one man in such a position as his could do to make ultimate success certain. He had more than one enemy in the camp; and there were others who sincerely believed that he was an unscrupulous and dishonest man; but the stories of his prowess were in everybody's mouth. He conducted the duties of the intelligence department with such tact and skill that the general was always kept supplied with information respecting the doings of the mutineers. Indeed, it was jokingly said that Hodson could tell, day by day, how the king had dined. As a fighting man, he was admitted to be al-

most without a rival. Towards the end of June, Captain Daly, the commandant of the Guides corps, which had marched down from the valley of the Indus to take part in the siege, was severely wounded; and Hodson, at the earnest request of the general, but not without equally earnest remonstrances from Daly, once more took command of his old regiment. Under his leadership it earned, in a series of combats, a reputation second to that of no corps which took part in the siege. From time to time batches of recruits for his own Horse arrived from the Panjaub; and he was gradually training them for the distinguished part which they were afterwards to play. On the left and rear of the camp, which were specially exposed to attack, he kept watch with an eye which nothing could escape; and, at whatever point the battle might be raging, he was sure to appear in moments of difficulty, and restore the fortunes of the day by swift counsel or strong succor. Amidst such varied and arduous duties, he found time, nearly every day, to write to his wife. Sometimes he dashes off a bold sketch of the fight in which he has just been engaged. Often he inveighs against the irresolution of his chief. He describes, but never in a querulous spirit, the hardships which he has to endure. He notes, with expressions of tender sympathy, how his friend, Colonel Thomas Seaton, who shares his tent, is suffering from a wound. Early in August he hears the first rumors of the death of the veteran soldier statesman who, through good and evil report, has tried to believe in him, and helped him on. "God grant," he says, "for his country's sake and for mine, that it be not true . . . to me his death would be the loss of my truest and most valued friend." Again, a few days later, "I cannot rally from the fear of dear Sir Henry's fate." Often he breaks forth in harsher accents. Alluding to the story of Cawnpore, "There will be a day of reckoning," he writes, "for these things, and a fierce one; or I have been a soldier in vain." Other men at that time, maddened by the thought of the outrages which their wives or their sisters had suffered at the hands of the rebels, let fall utterances as passionately vindictive as these. But a sad story, based upon the most authentic testimony, has been told of Hodson, which proves that there were moments when justice, even honor, could not prevail against the truculence of his spirit.

During the earlier days of the siege, it

chanced that a native, named Shahabooddeen, came to Hodson's tent, and informed him that one Bisharut Ali, an officer of the 1st Punjaub Irregular Cavalry, had mutinied, and was living at his village, within a few miles of Delhi. The man added that Bisharut Ali's relatives were mutineers. Bisharut Ali was no stranger to Hodson. Some years before, at Peshawur, when Hodson had been at his wits' ends to know where to turn for money, Bisharut Ali had stood his security for more than four thousand rupees, to enable him to borrow that sum from the banker of the 1st Irregular Cavalry. Shahabooddeen, too, had known Bisharut Ali before. He had formerly been a trooper in the regiment to which Bisharut Ali belonged, but had been dismissed from the service for an assault on one of his comrades; and his conviction had been founded, mainly, on evidence furnished by Bisharut Ali. He was a man of infamous character; and it was to revenge himself on Bisharut Ali for having borne witness against him that he now turned informer. The story which he told to Hodson was a deliberate invention. As a matter of fact, Bisharut Ali was a brave and honorable man: he had been sent by his commanding officer, Major Crawford Chamberlain, to his village, on sick leave; and some of his relations, who were represented by Shahabooddeen as mutineers, had never, for a single hour, been in the government employ. But Hodson was in no mood to ask himself whether the unsupported statement of an ex-convict deserved to be regarded as evidence. It was enough for him that a nest of mutineers were said to be lurking within his reach. Taking with him a few of his horsemen, he rode off to the village; sought out Bisharut Ali's house; and, after a fierce struggle with the inmates, in which much blood was shed on both sides, established his footing within. Returning to his camp, whither Bisharut Ali had gone, he met him, and charged him with being a mutineer. Bisharut Ali indignantly denied the charge, and demanded that he should be taken to the British camp, and there formally tried. Common justice required that Hodson should grant the request. And it might, surely, have been expected that a motive more powerful than the sense of justice should impel him to give every chance of proving his innocence to the man who had helped him in his hour of need. But the desire to destroy a supposed rebel was uppermost in his heart; and justice and gratitude, if

they pleaded at all, pleaded in vain. A hasty trial* was held, and Bisharut Ali was declared guilty. Raising his carbine to his shoulder, Hodson deliberately aimed at his benefactor, and fired. The shot did not kill Bisharut Ali; and, looking Hodson full in the face, he shouted, "Had I suspected such treachery, I would have fought it out instead of being shot like a dog." The troopers fired, at Hodson's command. Bisharut Ali was slain: his nephew, a child of twelve years, was slain, clinging to the knees of another uncle; his innocent relatives were slain; and Hodson, having taken possession of his horses, his ponies, and some of his personal property, rode off to another village to hunt down more mutineers.†

There were others whom Hodson longed to slay, and of whose guilt he might, with a greater show of justice, feel assured. The time was coming when the king of Delhi and his sons were to be called to their account. John Nicholson, fresh from his victorious march through the Punjaub, led his column into camp early in August, and, a few days after his arrival, gained an important victory. It was the beginning of the end. "If I get into the palace," wrote Hodson, "the house of Timour will not be worth five minutes' purchase, I ween." Early in the following month the last reinforcements joined the army on the Ridge: the siege-train arrived: the siege-batteries were thrown up: day after day a storm of shot and shell dashed against the walls of the doomed city; and huge masses of stone crumbled, and tottered, and crashed down upon the ground. On the night of the 13th a daring party of explorers examined the breaches: the general issued orders for the assault: at daybreak the assaulting columns were let loose; and by the evening of the 14th the British, after a fierce struggle, had gained possession of the outer portion of the city. Several days of street fighting followed: the king's palace was reached: its gates were blown down: a few fanatics, who had remained in it, were slaughtered: the British flag

* The trial was not a trial in the true sense of the word.

† The main facts of this story are told in my "History of the Indian Mutiny," p. 393. In a letter to the *Daily News* (Jan. 4, 1884), Mr. Hodson denied the truth of the story. In a letter which appeared in the same paper on Jan. 14, I replied, stating that my informant (General Crawford Chamberlain) had learned the facts of the story, on the scene of Bisharut Ali's execution, direct from eye-witnesses. On Jan. 19, a letter appeared from General Chamberlain himself, vouching for the truth of the story as told by me. To this letter Mr. Hodson, as far as I know, made no reply.

was huddled; and the city of the Moguls, now resembling a city of the dead, was again subject to the Nazarenes.

While the actual siege had lasted, Hodson, as a cavalry officer, had of necessity played a comparatively unimportant part. But something more remained to be done before the British triumph could be deemed complete. The king was still at large. He had been urged to share the flight of the mutineers; but one of his nobles, Meerza Elahee Buksh, wishing to purchase the favor of the conquerors by some signal service, had persuaded him that, by separating himself from his army, he would gain the credit of having originally acted under their compulsion. Yielding to the tempter, he had consented to remain with his family for a short time at the tomb of the emperor Humayoon, which was situated about six miles from Delhi. Hodson was promptly informed of his whereabouts by a spy named Rujub Ali, and at once resolved to effect his capture. He went to Wilson with the story which his spy had told him, and, pointing out that the capture of the city would avail but little so long as the king remained at liberty, asked whether he did not intend to pursue him. Wilson replied that he had no European troops to spare. Hodson then volunteered to go himself with some of his own irregulars. Still Wilson refused. At last, however, he gave way. Hodson then asked for permission to promise the king that his life should be spared, explaining that otherwise it would be impossible to induce him to surrender. To this request Wilson at first emphatically refused to assent; but, after some further argument, he reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of those around him.* It must not, however, be imagined that Hodson was influenced by pity for the king. He had, indeed, himself declared that the king was old and well-nigh impotent, that he had throughout been a mere tool in the hands of others; but nevertheless he longed to take his life, and regretted that policy forbade him to do

so.* After receiving his instructions, he set out on his errand with fifty of his troopers. Approaching the tomb, he concealed himself and his men in some old buildings near the gateway, and then sent messengers to demand the surrender of the king, on the sole condition that his life should be spared. Two hours after, they brought back word that the king would surrender, if Hodson would himself go, and pledge his word for the fulfilment of the condition. Hodson consented, and rode out from his hiding-place. A great crowd was gathered in front of the tomb. Presently the king's favorite begum and her son passed out through the gateway, followed by a palkee bearing the king. Hodson rode up, and bade the king give up his arms. The king in reply asked Hodson to confirm the guarantee which his messengers had given. Hodson solemnly promised. Then, in the presence of a crowd who were too awed to strike a blow in his behalf, with the glorious white marble dome of that imperial mausoleum to remind him of the majesty of his ancestors, betrayed by his own kinsman, his city captured, his army defeated and dispersed, his hopes shattered, the last king of the house of Timour gave up his arms to an English subaltern, and was led away captive to await his trial.

But the king's sons were still to be brought to their account. Never doubting that these men had hounded on the murderers of their women and children, Hodson and his comrades were too entirely possessed by the desire for their condign punishment to think of asking for proofs of their guilt. Hodson therefore resolved to go and capture them as he had captured the king. At first Wilson would not be persuaded to give his consent; but Hodson was importunate: Nicholson from his dying bed vehemently supported him; and Wilson at last yielded.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st, he started with Lieutenant Macdowell, his second in command, and a hundred picked men of his own regiment. Let the reader try to picture to himself the departing cavalcade, — wild-looking horsemen wearing scarlet turbans and dust-colored tunics bound with scarlet sashes; their leader, a tall, spare man attired like them, riding his horse with a loose rein, with reddish-brown hair and beard, aquiline nose, thin, curved, defiant nostrils, and blue eyes which seemed aglow with a half-

* This is stated on the authority of Lieutenant Colonel (then Lieutenant) Turnbull, who was Wilson's A.D.C. See also a letter from Sir T. Seaton (Hodson of Hodson's Horse, pp. 231-23). Hodson himself wrote on September 24, 1857, "I assured him (Wilson) it was nothing but his own order which bothered him with the king, as I would much rather have brought him into Delhi dead than living." (Ibid., p. 223.) But, on February 12, 1858, he wrote, "General Wilson refused to send troops in pursuit of him (the king), and to avoid greater calamities I then, and not till then, asked and obtained permission to offer him his wretched life, on the ground and solely on the ground that there was no other way of getting him into our possession." (Ibid., p. 230.)

* Hodson of Hodson's Horse, pp. 223, 230.

kindled light. Arriving at the tomb, he sent in Meerza Elabee Buksh and Rujub Ali, both of whom he had brought with him, to say that he had come to seize the princes for punishment, and intended to do so, dead or alive. For more than half an hour the two Englishmen were kept in suspense. At last the messengers returned to ask Hodson whether he would promise the princes their lives. He replied that he would not. The messengers went back. Hodson and Macdowell waited on, wondering whether the princes would ever come. They heard furious shouting within. It was the appeal of a fanatical mob of Mussulmans to their princes to lead them out against the infidels. At length a messenger came out to say that the princes were coming. Hodson sent ten men to meet them; and Macdowell, by his order, formed up the troop across the road, to shoot them down if there should be any attempt to rescue them. Presently they were seen approaching in a small bullock-cart, with the ten troopers escorting them, and a vast crowd behind. Hodson and Macdowell rode up alone to meet them. Once more they begged Hodson to promise them their lives. "Most certainly not," he replied, and ordered the driver to move on. The driver obeyed; and the crowd were following simultaneously, when Hodson imperiously waved them back, and Macdowell, beckoning to his troop, formed them up between the crowd and the cart, the latter of which was thus free to pursue its way, while the former, baffled, fell slowly and sullenly back. Then Hodson galloped up to the troopers who were escorting the cart, and told them to hurry on to the city as fast as they could, while he and Macdowell dealt with the mob. Hastily rejoining his subaltern, he found the mob streaming up the steps of the gateway into the garden of the tomb. Leaving the bulk of the troop outside, he followed with his subaltern and but four men. Then, seeing the necessity of instantly awing the crowd, he commanded them in a firm voice to surrender their arms. They hesitated, — there were some six thousand of them confronting him. He sternly repeated the order; and they obeyed.

Within two hours five hundred swords and more than five hundred firearms were collected; and Hodson, having fulfilled his object of keeping the crowd occupied, rode off with the troop to overtake his prisoners. As he drew near, he saw a large crowd surging round the cart, and

menacing the escort. He had intended to have the prisoners hanged: but now he felt that, unless he slew them on the spot, the mob would rescue them, and, emboldened by success, turn upon himself and his troopers. He rejoiced that circumstances had given him the opportunity of playing the part of executioner.* Galloping into the midst of the crowd, he reined up and addressed them, saying that the princes had butchered the women and children of his race, and that government had now sent their punishment. Then, seizing a carbine from one of his men, he ordered the princes to strip off their upper garments, and, when they had done so, shot them all dead. Finally, while the crowd stood by, awestruck and motionless, he ordered the corpses to be taken away, and flung out in front of the Kotwallee. On this spot the head of a famous Sikh Gooroo, Jey Bahadoor Khan, had been exposed by order of Aurangzebe. A prophecy had long been current among the Sikhs that they should reconquer the city of the persecuting emperor by the aid of the white men. The prophecy was now in their eyes fulfilled; and Hodson had avenged the martyr of their religion.†

* "I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches." (Hodson of Hodson's Horse, p. 224.)

† The writer of a generally indulgent review, in the *Army and Navy Magazine* of last March, of my "History of the Indian Mutiny," alleged that there were several serious inaccuracies in the paragraphs which I wrote about the slaughter of the princes of Delhi. I write this note in order to show that those paragraphs, whether they are or are not free from mistakes, are supported by the only recorded evidence that we possess.

(1) On p. 464, the reviewer says, "It is not true that Hodson 'saw a large crowd surging round the cart and menacing the escort.'" It is true, unless the statements of Hodson and of Macdowell, the only original authorities for the story of the slaughter of the princes, are to be disbelieved. Hodson wrote, "I came up just in time, as a large mob had collected, and were turning on the guard." (Rev. G. H. Hodson's Hodson of Hodson's Horse, p. 224.) Macdowell wrote, "The increasing crowd pressed close on the horses of the sowars, and assumed every moment a more threatening appearance" (Ibid., p. xv.) Mr. Hodson says, "Sir Hugh Gough, V.C.," tells me that he heard both from Macdowell and the native officers that it was a 'touch-and-go' affair; that Hodson's own men were wavering; and that nothing but his prompt and decisive action could have saved them. More than this, I afterwards heard from Dr. Anderson, the surgeon to the regiment, that the attack had actually begun. "All I can say is, that I dressed the wounds of my own orderly, who came back with his ear half cut off." (Ibid., p. xvii.)

(2) The reviewer goes on to say (p. 464), "To make his point Mr. Holmes has to have recourse to the lame device of inventing a second crowd." I did not "invent" the crowd, but (in a note) inferred its existence from the narratives of Hodson and Macdowell. See above (1), and below (3). But whether there was a second crowd or not matters very little, if there was a crowd menacing the ten troopers who were escorting the princes; and I have already shown that, if we may believe the only evidence we possess, there was.

"I cannot help being pleased," wrote Hodson, "at the warm congratulations I receive on all sides for my success in destroying the enemies of our race. . . . I am too conscious of the rectitude of my own motives to care what the few may say while my own conscience and the voice of the many pronounce me right." Since then, however, it has been asserted by some that the deed in the remembrance of which Hodson exulted, was a brutal murder, and that, if he had survived till men's passions had cooled down, he would have been a marked man for life. There were some even who went so far as to assert that his motive for slaying the princes had been the desire to possess himself of the ornaments which they wore. He himself afterwards asserted that, if he

(3) "Mr. Holmes," says the reviewer (p. 464), "in stating that the 'crowd could hardly have kept up with mounted men for five miles' (p. 396, note) shows a strange want of appreciation of the situation. Those mounted men were escorting carts drawn by bullocks; they had to make the pace of their horses conform to the pace of the bullocks, and every one who knows India could have told Mr. Holmes that the pace of the bullock does not equal the pace of the man." The reviewer here mistakes my meaning. It evidently did not occur to him that I disagreed with his view, that "the poor cowed wretches who composed that crowd (*i.e.*, the crowd at the tomb) had, after delivering up their arms, followed, by twos and threes, the escort, whilst Hodson remained at the tomb, collecting the arms of their fellows." This view, on which the whole force of the reviewer's criticism depends, there is, as I shall presently show, no evidence to support. I was, I need hardly say, well aware that the pace of the bullock does not equal the pace of the man.

My reason for conjecturing that the crowd which surrounded the cart when Hodson shot the princes was not the same crowd that he had to deal with at the tomb, was this. The princes were sent off from the tomb towards Delhi nearly two hours before Hodson left the tomb to follow them. Assuming that the cart went at the (usual) rate of two miles an hour, they had got nearly four miles away from the tomb when Hodson left it. Hodson overtook them when they had got five miles from the tomb. Therefore he must have ridden five miles while the cart went a little over one mile; in other words, he must have ridden nine miles an hour. Now according to Macdowell (Hodson of Hodson's Horse, p. xv.), the whole original crowd of six thousand men remained at the tomb till Hodson left it. Neither he nor Hodson says that a single man left the tomb till the process of disarming had been completed. Therefore, if the crowd kept up with Hodson, it too must have *run* at the rate of nine miles an hour. That was why I said, "The crowd could hardly have kept up with mounted men for five miles."

My conjecture depended upon the truth of Hodson's and Macdowell's accounts. If those accounts were true, my conjecture was a fair one.

My idea was that a second crowd might have issued from the city, in which, as Colonel Malletson says in his history (vol. II, p. 82), "numerous gangs of men were hanging about."

Let me, however, assume, for the sake of argument, that my conjecture was wrong. Still, if, as the reviewer believes, it is untrue that a crowd was "menacing the escort" at the time when Hodson overtook the princes, we must disbelieve not only the statements of Hodson and Macdowell, but also those furnished by Hodson's native officers to Sir Hugh Gough and by Dr. Anderson to Mr. Hodson. (*Ibid.*, p. xvii.) I confess it seems to me rash to assume that not only Hodson and Macdowell, but also the native officers and Dr. Anderson deliberately lied.

had not overawed the crowd by killing the princes, the crowd would have killed him; and impartial judges may admit, at least for the sake of argument, that his assertion was true. If his character for humanity had been above suspicion, we might, remembering that he was convinced that the princes were murderers, acquit him of all blame, and simply admire the cool courage which he undoubtedly displayed. We should hardly have called a man a murderer who had shot Nana Sahib without a trial. But when Hodson slew the princes, his hands were red with the innocent blood of Bisharut Ali. He himself declared that he would have rejoiced to slay the aged and impotent king. By confessing his delight at having had the opportunity of slaying the princes, he forfeited the right to excuse himself, on the plea of necessity, for having slain them. A Neill or a Havelock, however strongly he might have been convinced of their guilt, would have insisted on the duty of giving them a fair trial; and, if he had felt obliged by circumstances to slay them himself, would have done so under a solemn sense of responsibility. But Hodson, in slaying them, showed, as he had shown in the case of Bisharut Ali, that he was too eager for retribution to care about justice; he exulted in shedding their blood with his own hands. While then we may acquit him, for want of evidence, of the baser motives that have been laid to his charge, while we may not lightly condemn him for having assumed, as others did, that the princes were murderers, it is my deliberate opinion that, in slaying them as he did, he was, at heart, guilty of an outrage against humanity.

For about a fortnight after this memorable day, Hodson remained at Delhi. On the 2nd of October he started, at the head of a portion of his Horse, with a column under Brigadier Showers, who had been entrusted with the duty of reducing the districts to the west and south-west of Delhi. The operations of the column were not of an exciting character: but one episode, in which Hodson took part, deserves to be recorded here. One day some fifteen hundred head of cattle were captured, and driven into camp. The brigadier, on seeing them, exclaimed, "Hang me! what in the world am I to do with them? It would take half my force to convoy them back to Delhi. I can't take them." "Well, sir," said Hodson, who was standing by, "will you sell them to me, and let me take my chance?" "Willingly," replied the brigadier. A

bargain was promptly struck; and Hodson paid over three thousand four hundred and ninety-one rupees for the entire herd, or about four shillings a head, to the prize agent. He then sent off the cattle under the care of their drivers and a few of his own horsemen to Delhi, where they were sold at a large profit.

Soon after the return of the column to Delhi, Hodson obtained a few weeks' leave, and instantly hurried up to Umballah, where his wife was then staying. But he was soon parted from her. Sir Colin Campbell, the new commander-in-chief, who had lately relieved the garrison of Lucknow, decided that, as a preliminary to further operations for the pacification of northern India, the Doab, that is the country between the Ganges and the Jumna, must be reconquered. Accordingly it was arranged that a column under Colonel Seaton should march from Delhi, through the upper Doab, to Futtehgurh, and there join the main army under the commander-in-chief. Seaton earnestly begged Sir Colin to allow Hodson to accompany the column. "He is a soldier of the highest class," he pleaded; "I have unbounded confidence in him, and would rather have him than five hundred more men." The request was granted; and on the 2nd of December Hodson received an order to join the column with his Horse. The column gained three victories on its march through the Doab; and Hodson contributed largely to its success. His readiness in procuring information, his bold reconnaissances, his dashing charges in action, won the admiration of all. On the night of the 29th of December the column was at the station of Mynpoorie; and it was believed that the main army was at Goorsaingunge, some forty miles distant. Hodson, knowing that Seaton wished to communicate with the commander-in-chief, offered to ride to Goorsaingunge with despatches. Seaton accepted the offer. The venture was a perilous one; for it was known that for some days past the road to Goorsaingunge had been closed against all Europeans; the commander-in-chief's whereabouts was uncertain; and it was quite possible that the volunteers might fall in with roving bands of the enemy. But Hodson always knew exactly what was possible, though, when there was an important object to be gained, he never hesitated to attempt what was all but impossible. At six o'clock next morning he rode off with his devoted subaltern, Macdowell, and seventy-five sowars. After riding fourteen miles, they

entered a village called Bewur. Here Hodson ordered a halt; and, after he and his friend had eaten a few sandwiches, they mounted again and rode on with five-and-twenty men, leaving the remaining fifty to await their return. At another village, fourteen miles further on, they left the twenty-five men, and proceeded alone to Goorsaingunge. There they were disappointed to learn that the commander-in-chief had moved to another spot fifteen miles off. On they rode, and entered the camp about four o'clock in the afternoon. Hodson was cordially welcomed by the commander-in-chief, who invited him and Macdowell to dine at the headquarters mess. It was already dark when the two set out on their return journey. For some time they met with no adventure. About midnight, however, they were suddenly stopped by a native, who had for some hours been looking out for them. He told them that the twenty-five sowars had been attacked by a party of the rebels, and that the latter were probably lying in ambush near the road, a little ahead. For a few minutes the two Englishmen deliberated. At last Hodson decided that they must push on at all risks. "At the worst," he said, "we can gallop back; but we'll try and push through." At a foot's pace they went on, the native walking beside them. The moon shone brightly; but the night was piercingly cold; and every few minutes a bitter blast swept down upon them, and chilled them through and through. Fearing that the sound of their horses' hoofs might rouse the rebels, they moved off the road on to the soft strip of ground that ran alongside it. Still walking at their horses' heads, they listened for every faintest sound, and strained their eyes to see whether any dark figures were lurking behind the trees that lined the road. Suddenly the guide stopped, and, pointing to a garden in a clump of trees on the right, whispered, "They are there." A faint humming sound was distinctly audible. They were now just outside the village in which they had left the twenty-five sowars. Stealthily they made their way through it; and, as they passed along the main street, they saw the corpse of one of the sowars lying stark and ghastly in the moonlight. Emerging from the further side, they bade their guide good-night, and then, springing into their saddles, dug their spurs into their horses' flanks, and galloped for their lives the whole fourteen miles into Bewur. As they rode in, they were met by a number of men whom Seaton had

sent out to look for them. Dismounting, they entered a hut, and flung themselves down on mattresses to rest. "By George, Mac," said Hodson, "I'd give a good deal for a cup of tea!" and, turning over, he went to sleep. Next morning the column marched into the village; and Seaton joyfully congratulated the two friends on their escape.

Hodson's adventures were nearly at an end. The throbbing excitement which had sustained him in the first few months of the struggle had spent itself; and he was becoming very weary of campaigning. On the 5th of January he wrote to his wife, "The anniversary of the most blessed event of my life again to be spent in absence." Again, a few days later, "I can bear up manfully against absence and separation when we are actually doing anything; but when I see nothing doing towards an end, I confess my heart sinks and my spirit hungers after rest."

During the first few weeks of the new year he was constantly occupied. Notwithstanding the recent efforts of the commander-in-chief, the Doab was not yet secure from the incursions of rebel hordes; and small columns were continually sent into the field to disperse marauders. In a skirmish, which took place towards the end of January, Hodson was wounded; and his gallant friend, Macdowell, who had shared with him so many adventures, was killed. Hodson chafed against the inaction which his wound imposed upon him; for preparations were now being pushed forward for the siege of Lucknow, and he looked forward to seeing more service of the kind which he loved.

Early in February he started from Futtehghur to take part in the campaign. He was still so weak from the effects of his wound that he could not ride; and accordingly one of his friends, Colonel Pelham Burn, drove him in his buggy. A story has been told respecting this journey, which contrasts painfully with the record of the gallant feats of arms performed by Hodson during the war.

Colonel Burn noticed that he had with him several boxes, besides his ordinary baggage. These boxes contained various articles of value, which Hodson had amassed, as booty, during the campaign; and, after his death, their contents were seen by an officer whose duty it was to examine his effects.* That this was not the only loot which Hodson had acquired,

is proved by the fact that, whereas, at the outset of the Mutiny, he was deeply in debt, he had just remitted several thousand pounds to Calcutta.

On the 16th he found himself at Onao, where Havelock had gained one of his most brilliant victories. "This," he wrote, "has been a red-letter day, for I have at last seen our friend Napier. God bless him! I do love him dearly, as if he were indeed my born brother." Meanwhile the commander-in-chief was completing his arrangements for the siege. The army was continually swelled by new reinforcements; and day after day dense battalions of infantry, bright squadrons of cavalry, batteries of artillery, hackeries laden with ammunition, commissariat wagons, and legions of camp followers passed over the Cawnpore bridge, and moved up the road towards Lucknow. On the 28th of February, Sir Colin, having seen the last detachment start, quitted Cawnpore, and made a forced march to the village of Buntheera, where the whole army was encamped. On the morning of the 2nd of March the advanced portion of the force quitted this spot; and before noon they could discern the domes and minarets of Lucknow. The siege began the same day. Hodson was still suffering from the effects of his wound; and for some days he had little to do except to post vedettes and picquets, and to watch the progress that was being made. On the tenth of March he received the welcome news that he had at last been promoted to a brevet majority. On the 11th he wrote, as though he had a presentiment that his end was near, "If anything occurs, I will get Colonel Napier or Norman to send you a telegram."

This was the last letter which he ever wrote. On the same day he was riding by himself, looking for a camping-ground, when he heard the sound of firing. Galloping forward, he found that one of the palaces, known as the Begum Kothe, was about to be stormed. Colonel Napier was examining the breach. Suddenly he looked up, and saw Hodson standing before him. "I am come to take care of you," said Hodson, with a smile. In a few moments the signal was given; and Colonel Adrian Hope's brigade advanced to the assault. Captain Clarke, commanding the 93rd Highlanders, waved his sword in the air, and rushed straight upon the breach, shouting, "Come on, 93rd!" The 93rd answered the call by a ringing cheer; a Punjaub regiment followed in support; and though for a few moments the garri-

* See letter from Mr. Bosworth Smith to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 5, 1884.

son, trusting to their vast numerical superiority, maintained their footing in the breach, they were soon overborne by the vigor of the attack, and fled through the courtyard. After the first fury of the contest had spent itself, Hodson and Napier passed through the breach side by side. Many of the rebels had run for shelter into the dark arched buildings which surrounded the court of the palace; and the stormers were striving to dislodge them by throwing in bags of powder with lighted fuses attached to the ends. Suddenly Hodson, who had got separated from Napier in the confusion, saw two soldiers running towards him. They cried out that they were going to fetch some more powder-bags. Drawing his sword, Hodson instantly started off towards the spot from which they had come. Seeing an officer of the 93rd Highlanders standing by the corner of one of the buildings, he shouted to him, "Where are the rebels?" The officer pointed to a doorway. Hodson was just going to rush in, when the officer cried, "Don't, it's certain death; wait for the powder!" Heedless of the warning, Hodson pressed on; the officer stretched out his hand to drag him away from the doorway; and in a moment there was a flash, and Hodson rolled over on the ground. "Oh, my wife!" he cried. He could say no more, for he was choked with blood. His orderly, a powerful Sikh, raised him, and carried him a few paces off; and the officer helped to lift him into a litter which had just been brought round. As he was being carried to the place where the surgeons were at work, the powder-bags were brought up; and in a few moments the Highlanders rushed into the room, and drove their bayonets through the bodies of the rebels. Presently the surgeon of Hodson's regiment came to see him; and, after examining his wound, saw that it was likely to be mortal. All night long he lay beside him, holding his hand to help him to bear the pain. Rallying under the stimulants which had been given to him, the wounded man slept for a time; and, when day broke, he said, with a touch of his old energy, that he felt very well. About nine o'clock the surgeon had him carried in the litter into a room, that he might suffer less from the din outside. Soon afterwards he began to bleed again profusely;

and the surgeon told him that recovery was impossible. The dying man then begged that Colonel Napier might be sent for. Presently the colonel came, and sat down beside the litter. Hodson grasped his hand, and would not let it go. "I should like," he murmured, "to have seen the end of the campaign, and to have returned to England to see my friends, but it has not been permitted. I trust I have done my duty." Soon afterwards Napier had to go back to his work; and when he returned, he found that his friend was dead.

Hodson was buried the same evening; and the commander-in-chief attended the funeral. When the body was lowered into the grave, it was seen that tears were flowing down the old man's cheeks. "I have lost," he said, "one of the finest officers in the army."

There were others who grieved yet more bitterly that they had lost in Hodson a tried comrade and a valued friend; for, if he had many enemies, if some could see only the darker side of his character, the few who loved him, loved him well. Among these was Thomas Seaton, a gallant, warm-hearted, noble-minded man, the spontaneous utterance of whose grief remains the most powerful and the most touching plea that Hodson's friends can quote on his behalf. "Hodson's care for me," he wrote, recalling the months which they had spent together in their tent upon the Ridge, "I shall never forget. He watched and tended me with the affection of a brother. . . . I mourned for him as for a brother."

There must have been something that was noble in the character of a man whose comrades, brave soldiers and high-minded gentlemen, could write of him in terms like these. Posterity will not indeed be blinded by the glamor of his military exploits. They will not admit him to a place among the nobler heroes of the Indian Mutiny. But, while they will not be able to forget that he enriched himself by dishonest means, that, heedless of justice, of gratitude, and even of honor, he was swift to shed innocent blood, they will remember that he was an affectionate son, a good comrade, a tender husband, that he rendered brilliant services to his country, and that he died, fighting to the last against the enemies of England.

T. R. E. HOLMES.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MITCHELHURST PLACE.

"Que voulez-vous? Hélas! notre mère Nature,
Comme toute autre mère, a ses enfants gâtés,
Et pour les malvenus elle est avare et dure!"

CHAPTER XI.

NO LETTER.

THE Mitchelhurst postman, coming up to the Place in his daily round, found a young man loitering to and fro within view of the gate. The morning was a pleasant one. The roadside grass was grey with dew, and glistening pearls and diamonds were strung on the threads of gossamer, tangled over bush and blade. The hollies in the hedgerows were brave and bright, and there were many-tinted leaves yet clinging to the bramble sprays. Sun and wet together had turned the common road to a shining, splendid way, up which the old postman crept, a dull, little, toiling figure, with a bag over his shoulder, and something white in his hand. The young man timed his indolent stroll so that they met each other on the weedy slope, which led to the iron gate, with its solid pillars, and white stone balls. There, with the briefest possible nod by way of salutation, he demanded his letters.

The old fellow knew him as the gentleman who was staying with Mr. Hayes, and touched his cap obsequiously. He had carried his bag for more than thirty years, and remembered old Squire Rothwell, and Mr. John, and he fumbled with the letters in his hand, half expecting a curse at his slowness, and hardly knowing what name he was to look for. The other stood with his head high, showing a sharply cut profile as he turned a little, looking intently in the direction of the Place. Through the black bars shone a pale, bright picture of blue sky, and level turf, and the gnarled and fantastic branches of the sunlit avenue. There were yellow leaves on the straight roadway, and shadows softly interlaced, and at the end the white, silent house.

The postman finished his investigation, and announced in a hesitating tone, "No, sir, no letter, sir. No letter at all, name of Rothwell."

The young man turned upon him. "Harding, I said."

"Yes, sir. No, sir, no letter name of Harding."

"Are you sure? Give them to me."

He looked them over. There were letters and papers for Mr. Hayes, one or two for the servants, and one that had

come from Devonshire for Barbara. He gave them back with a meditative frown, and turned on his heel without a word. The postman pushed the gate just sufficiently to permit of a crab-like entrance to the grounds, and plodded along the avenue, while the young fellow walked definitely away towards the village.

"The old boy doesn't write business letters on Sunday, I dare say," he said to himself. "No, I don't suppose he would. Well, I shall hear to-morrow. As well to-morrow as to-day, perhaps—better, perhaps. And yet—and yet—oh God! to get to work! I have banished myself from her presence, I have shut that gate against me—that old fool goes crawling up there with his letters—any one in Mitchelhurst may knock at that door, and I may not! There's nothing left for me but to do the task she set me, and by heaven, I will! I shall have the right to speak to her then, at any rate!"

Barbara had intended to see Reynold before he left that morning. She did not know what she wanted to say, she was uneasy at the thought of the interview, but she could not endure that he should be dismissed from the old house without a parting word. While Harding was moodily doubting whether he had not alienated her forever, she was wondering what she could say or do to atone for the wrong done to him by her timidity. She did not fully understand the meaning of the wrathful anguish of his last speech, but she knew that she had pained him. She planned a score of dialogues, she wearied herself in vain endeavors to guess what he would say, and then, tired out, she solved the question by sleeping till the sunlight fell upon her face, and the banished man was already beyond the gate.

She knew the truth the moment she awoke. It was only to confirm her certainty that she dressed hurriedly and went out into the passage, to see the door standing wide, and the vacant room. It seemed but yesterday, and yet so long ago, since she made it ready for the coming guest, who had left it in anger. Barbara sighed, and turned away. At the head of the stairs she recalled the slim, dark figure that had stood there so few hours before, fixing his angry eyes upon her, and grasping the balustrade with long fingers as he spoke. The very ticking of the old clock reminded her of their talk together the morning after he came, and seemed to say "gone! gone! gone! gone!" as she went by.

Her uncle came down a few minutes

later, greeted her shortly, and glanced at the table. It was laid for two. "I suppose there is nothing to wait for?" he said.

"Nothing," said Barbara, and she rang the bell.

He unfolded a newspaper and spoke from behind it. "You know that young fellow is gone?"

"Yes."

"Time he did go! I wish he had never come! Did you say good-bye to him?"

"No. He went before I was down."

Mr. Hayes uttered a little sound expressive of satisfaction, and the girl perceived that she had accidentally led him to suppose that she had had no talk with Harding since the quarrel. She did not speak. The maid came into the room with the urn, and Mr. Hayes turned to her. "What man was that I saw in the hall just now?"

"He came for the gentleman's port-manteau, sir. He was to take it to Mrs. Simmonds."

He started, but controlled himself, "Mrs. Simmonds?"

"Yes sir, Mrs. Simmonds at the shop."

Mr. Hayes was silent only till the door was closed behind her. Then, "He has done that to spite me!" he said furiously. "Serves me right for trying to be civil to one of these confounded Rothwells! They have the devil's own temper, every one of them, and if they can do you a bad turn, they will!"

Barbara said nothing, but made tea rather drearily.

"Confound him!" Mr. Hayes began afresh. "Now I suppose the whole place will be cackling about this! He deserves to be kicked out of the parish, and I should like to do it! I wish to heaven, Barbara, you wouldn't pick young men out of the ditches in this fashion! You see what comes of it!"

Barbara, appealed to in this direct and reasonable manner, plucked up her spirit, and replied, rather loftily, that she would certainly remember in future. She further remarked that the fish was getting cold.

Mr. Hayes threw down the paper, and took his place. There was silence for a minute or two, and then he began again.

"There isn't a soul in Mitchelhurst that doesn't know he was staying here. What do you suppose they will say when they find him starting off at a moment's notice, and taking a lodging in the village, not a stone's throw from my gate?"

Barbara privately thought that, as Mr. Harding had betaken himself to the fur-

ther end of Mitchelhurst, her uncle's talent for throwing stones must be remarkable. She did not suggest this however, and when he repeated his question, "What do you suppose they will say?" she only replied that she did not know, she was sure.

"Don't you?" said he, with withering scorn. "Well, I do." It was true enough. He could guess pretty well what the gossips would say, and the sting of it was that their version would not differ very much from the actual fact. Barbara looked down, and finished her breakfast without a word. She knew that silence was the safest course she could adopt, since it gave him no chance of turning his anger on her, but she also knew that it irritated him dreadfully. That, however, she did not mind. Barbara herself was rather cross that morning. She had meant to be up early, and she had slept later than usual; she was vexed and disappointed, and she had been worried by the jarring tempers of the last two days. She kept her head bent, and her lips closed, while Mr. Hayes drank his second cup of tea with a muttered accompaniment of abuse.

"Look here," he said suddenly, getting up, and going to the fire, "I don't know how long that fellow means to stay in Mitchelhurst, but, till he leaves, you don't go beyond the gate. I don't suppose you would wish to do so"—he paused, but she was apparently absorbed in the consideration of a little ring on her finger—"I should hope you have proper feeling enough not to wish to do so"—this appeal was also received in a strictly neutral manner—"but in any case you have my express command to the contrary."

"Very well," said Barbara, with a little affectation of being rather weary of the whole subject.

"I do not choose that you should be exposed to insult," Mr. Hayes continued.

"Very well," said Barbara again. "I can stay in if you like, though I don't think Mr. Harding would insult me."

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but you are not qualified to judge in this matter. If you had heard Mr. Harding's conversation last night you might not be quite so sure what he would or would not do. It is my duty to protect you from an unpleasant possibility, and you will oblige me by not going beyond—or rather by not going near the gate."

Barbara, tired of saying "Very well," said "All right."

"Wednesday is the night of Pryor's entertainment at the schools. I shall be

sorry to disappoint him, but I certainly shall not go unless Mr. Harding has left the place. He has shown such a deplorable want of taste and proper feeling that he would probably take that opportunity of thrusting himself upon us."

Mr. Hayes paused once more, but the girl did not seem inclined either to defend or to denounce their late guest. She changed her position listlessly, and gazed out of the window.

"A gentleman would not, but that proves nothing with regard to Mr. Harding. You are very silent this morning, Barbara."

"I have a headache," she said, "I'm tired," and to her great relief, Mr. Hayes, after walking two or three times up and down the room, went off to his study.

The poor little man was not happy. He sincerely regretted the quarrel of the evening before, which had come upon him, as upon Reynold, unawares. He was accustomed to the society of a few neighbors, who understood him, and said behind his back, "Oh, you must not mind what Hayes says!" or "I met Hayes yesterday—a little bit more cracked than usual!" and took all his sallies good-humoredly, with argument, perhaps, or loud-voiced denial at the time, but nothing in the way of consequences. Thunder might roll, but no bolt fell, and the sky was as clear as usual at the next meeting. Mr. Hayes had unconsciously fallen into the habit of talking without any sense of responsibility. On this occasion a variety of circumstances had combined to irritate him, and his personal dislike of Reynold Harding had given a touch of acrid malice to his attack, but he meant no more than to have the pleasure of contradicting, and, if possible, silencing his companion. The game was played more roughly than usual, but Mr. Hayes never realized that his adversary was angrily in earnest till it was too late. Excitement had mastered him, there was an interchange of speeches, swift and fierce as blows, and then he saw Kate Rothwell's son, standing before him, trembling with fury, and hoarsely declaring that he would leave the house at once. He had only to close his eyes to see him again, the tall young figure leaning forward into the light, with his clinched hands resting on the polished table, amid the disarray of silver and glasses, his dark brows drawn down, and his angry eyes aglow. Conciliation was impossible on either side, though the shock of definite rupture so far sobered them that Harding's departure was deferred to the morning.

But, "I will never break bread under *your* roof again!" the young man had said, with a glance round the room, and a curious significance of tone. Then he turned away to encounter Barbara upon the stairs.

To Harding, matters had seemed at their worst during the black hours of silence, and the morning brought something of comfort. If there is but a possibility that work may help us in our troubles, the dull-est day is better than the night. But to Mr. Hayes the daylight came drearily, showing the folly of a business which nothing could mend. For more than a quarter of a century he had plumed himself on his gratitude to Kate Rothwell for her kindness to his dead love, and had imagined that he only lacked an opportunity to serve her. And this graceful sentiment, being put to the test, had not prevented him from quarrelling with her son, and turning the young fellow out of doors. Yes, he, Herbert Hayes, had actually driven Kate's boy from Mitchelhurst Place! and what made it worse, if anything could make it worse, was the revelation of the utter impotence of that cherished gratitude. He regretted what he had done, but he must abide by it. Apologize to Harding?—he would die first! Own to one of the Rothwells that he had been in the wrong?—the mere thought, crossing his mind, as he tied his cravat that morning, very nearly choked him. Never—never! Not if it were Kate herself! But he reddened to the roots of his white hair at the thought of the gossip and laughter which would follow the unseemly squabble.

He would be unfairly judged. He said so over and over again, and in a certain sense it was true, for he had never intended to quarrel with his guest. But he could not prove even the innocence he felt. He remembered two or three bitter fragments of their wrangling which would condemn him if repeated. Yet he knew he had not meant them as his judges would take them. "Well, but," some practical neighbor would say, "if you say such things, what do you expect?" That was just it—he had expected nothing, though nobody would believe it, and all at once this catastrophe had come upon him.

So he went down to breakfast, sincerely troubled and repentant, and consequently in a very unpleasant mood. Repentance seldom makes a man an agreeable companion, and when it seizes the head of the house the subordinate members naturally

share his discomfort. The moment he set foot in the breakfast-room he was met by the news of Harding's stay in the village, and his anger blazed up again, though, through it all, he had an uncomfortable consciousness that the young man had a right to stay in Mitchelhurst if he pleased. If he could only have convinced himself that Reynold was utterly in the wrong, he would have forgiven him and been happy. But it is almost impossible to forgive a man who is somewhat in the wrong, yet less so than oneself.

Harding had been guided by Barbara in his search for a lodging. When they were standing together at the edge of the ditch, she had reminded her uncle that Mrs. Simmonds had let her rooms to a man who came surveying. The fact was so unprecedented that the good woman might be pardoned for imagining herself an authority on what gentlemen liked, and what gentlemen expected, on the strength of that one experience. Harding confirmed her in her innocent belief by agreeing to everything she proposed. Within half an hour of his arrival he was sitting down to what the surveyor always took for breakfast, and the surveyor's favorite dinner was cooking for him as he walked fast and far on the first road that presented itself. He almost reached Littlemere before he turned, and had to scramble over a hedge, to avoid what might have been an awkward meeting with Mr. Masters. The little squire went by unsuspectingly, though Reynold, finding himself face to face with a bull in the meadow, nearly jumped back upon him. Happily however the bull took time to consider, and before he had made up his mind whether he liked his visitor or not, the coast was clear, and the young man sprang down into the road, and set off on his way back to Mitchelhurst, where he arrived just as Mrs. Simmonds was beginning to look out for him. The surveyor had ordered rather an early dinner.

Harding had done his best to check any gossip about his affairs, but his landlady was burning with curiosity. She made a remark about Mr. Hayes as she set the dishes on the table, and her lodger replied that it certainly was a queer fancy for a lonely man to live in that great house, and might he trouble Mrs. Simmonds for a fork? She supplied the omission with many apologies, and said that Mr. Hayes was not very popular in the neighborhood, she believed.

"Isn't he?" said Reynold, slicing away. "Well, all I can say is that I

found him a very hospitable old gentleman. He had never seen me before, and he invited me to stay there for three days. Wouldn't take any denial."

"Well, to be sure, sir, we can but speak as we find," said Mrs. Simmonds, handing the potatoes. "Only, you see, there are some of us who remember the old family — you'll excuse me, sir, but it's wonderful how you favor Mr. John — and it's not the same, sir, having a stranger there. It's *not* like old times."

"No," said Reynold with a jarring little laugh. "I should think it was a good deal better. Thank you, Mrs. Simmonds, I have all I want."

And with a nod, which was exactly Mr. John's, he dismissed the old lady.

She was disconcerted; she did not know what to make of this young man with the Rothwell features, who was not gratified by a respectful allusion to the family. "A good deal better!" Well, of course, the Rothwells held themselves very high, and thought other people were just the dirt under their feet. There was no pleasing them with anything you sent in, nothing was good enough, and they expected you to stand curtsying and curtsying for their custom, and to wait for your money till all the profit was gone. Mr. Hayes paid as soon as the bill was sent in, and Miss Strange was a pleasant-spoken young lady. "A good deal better" — well, no doubt it was.

And yet the good woman had not been insincere when she spoke of the old times with a regretful accent in her voice. She remembered John Rothwell's father as a middle-aged gentleman, alert and strong. Those old times were the times when she was a rosy-cheeked girl, whom Simmonds came courting at her father the wheelwright's, and not Simmonds only, for she might have done better if she had chosen. It was in the good old times that they set up their little shop, and that their little girl was born who had been in the churchyard three-and-twenty years from Christmas. There were no times now like those before Mitchelhurst Place was sold, when she didn't know what rheumatism was, and there were none of your new-fangled board schools, to teach children to think little of their elders. It was not to be supposed that Mrs. Simmonds thought that her stiff old joints would become flexible again if the Rothwells came back to the manor-house, but she certainly felt that in their reign the world went its way with fewer obstructions and less weariness, and was more brightly visible with-

out the aid of spectacles. She had an impression, too, that the weather was better.

She straightened herself laboriously after taking the apple-pie from the oven, and was horrified to find the crust a little caught on one side. Having to explain how this had occurred when she carried it in, she had no opportunity of continuing the previous conversation, and the moment dinner was over Reynold was out again. The fact was that Mrs. Simmonds's parlor, which was small and low, and had been carefully shut up for many months, was not very attractive to the young man, who was fresh from the faded stateliness of the old Place. Besides, he was anxious to keep down importunate thoughts by sheer weariness, if in no other way.

He went that afternoon to the Hall, the dreary old farmhouse which Barbara had pointed out as the Rothwells' earlier home, and walked in the sodden pastures where she picked her cowslips in the spring. He looked more kindly at the old house, in spite of the ignoble disorder of its surroundings, but he lingered longest at the gate where she had shown him Mitchelhurst, spread out before him like the Promised Land. He studied it all in the fading light, and then, with a farewell glance at the white, far-off front of the Place, he went down into the village, tired enough to drop asleep over the fire after tea.

"To-morrow, the letter," was his last thought as he lay down.

CHAPTER XII.

ONE MORE HOLIDAY.

THE inevitable morning came, but the letter did not.

Harding was first incredulous, then when a light flashed upon him, he was at once amused and indignant.

"So! I kept you waiting till the latest day, and you are returning the compliment. I am given to understand that you can take your time as well as I? That's fair enough, no doubt, only it seems rather a small sort of revenge, and as things have turned out, it's a nuisance. What is to be done now? Shall I wait another day for my instructions, or shall I go up to town at once? I told him to write here, but, after all, what is there to say, except, 'Be at the office on such a day'? Shall I go, or stay?"

He tossed up, not ill-pleased to decide his uncle's affairs so airily. The coin decreed that he should stay.

"It's just as well, he said to himself. 'I don't want to seem impatient if he isn't.'"

But the additional day of idleness proved very burdensome. He fancied that the Mitchelhurst gossips watched his every movement; he felt himself in a false position; he shut himself up in his little sitting-room and asked for books. Mrs. Simmonds brought him all she had, but she looked upon reading as a penitential occupation for Sundays, and periods of affliction, and the volumes were well suited for the purpose. Harding thrust them aside. The local paper was nearly a week old, but he read every word of it.

"There'll be a new one to-morrow, sir," said his landlady, delighted to see that he enjoyed it so much.

"Thank you, Mrs. Simmonds, but I shall be far enough away by this time to-morrow," the young man replied.

He spent a considerable part of the afternoon lying on the horsehair couch, and staring at the ceiling. A ceiling is not, as a rule, very interesting to study, and the only thing that could be said for this one was that it was conveniently near. Reynold could examine every smoke-stain at his ease, and every fly that chanced to stroll across his range of vision. The first he noticed made him think of Barbara and Joppa, but the later comers were simply wearisome. There is a distressing want of individuality about flies. Even when one buzzed about his head, with a fixed determination to wander a while upon his forehead, he had not an idea which fly it was. It seemed to him, as he lay there, with his arm thrown up for a pillow, that flies in general were just one instrument of torture of, say, a billion fly power. The afternoon sunshine and the smouldering fire had wakened more than he could reckon in the little parlor.

He would not have cared to confess how much he was troubled by his uncle's silence. He had expected to be met rather more than half-way, instead of which it seemed that he was to be taught to know his place. The idea was intolerable, and it haunted him.

When Mrs. Simmonds came in with a tray (the surveyor always took his tea between five and six), she made a remark or two about things in general, which Reynold, turning his lustreless eyes upon her, endeavored to receive with a decent show of interest. When she brought the teapot, she told him that Mr. Hayes had sent to the Rothwell Arms for a carriage early that afternoon. "Indeed!" said Rey-

nold, this time endeavoring to conceal the interest he felt.

"What were they going to do?" he wondered, as he propped his head on his hand and sipped his tea. Was the old man taking Barbara away? What did it mean?

It meant simply that Mr. Hayes had wearied of his self-imposed seclusion, and had announced to his niece that he should drive over to Littlemere and see Masters. He added that he might not return to dinner, and that she was not to wait for him. While Reynold lay on the sofa the carriage had gone by, with the little man sitting in it, his head rather more bowed than usual, planning how he would explain the quarrel to his friend. "Masters will understand—he knows how the fellow behaved the night before," said Mr. Hayes to himself a score of times. But every time he said it he felt a little less certain that Masters would understand exactly as he wished.

Mrs. Simmonds, returning after a considerable interval, told her lodger that the wind was getting up, and she thought there was going to be a change in the weather. She mostly knew, as she informed him, on account of her rheumatism. Reynold opened the door for her and her tray, and then went to the window.

The moon had risen, the low roofs and gaunt poplars of Mitchelhurst were black in its light, and wild wreaths of cloud were tossed across the sky. It was a sky that seemed to mean something, to have a mood and expression of its own. Reynold watched it for a few minutes, till its vastness made the little box of a room, where even the flies had fallen asleep again, insupportably small. He took his hat and went out.

He did not care which way he went, if only it were not in the direction of the Place. Mr. Hayes, when he charged Barbara not to go near the gate, had a sort of fancy that the young fellow might walk defiantly on the very edge of the forbidden ground, and peer through the bars with a white, spiteful face. The girl acquiesced indifferently. She might not altogether understand Reynold Harding, but she knew most certainly that he would never approach them.

It chanced that evening that he took a narrow lane which led out of the Littlemere road. It proved to be a rugged, but very gradual ascent. Presently it led him through a gate, and, still gently rising, became a mere cart track across open fields, where the wind came in sudden, hurrying

gusts over the grey slopes, and brought undefinable suggestions of hopelessness and solitude. Reaching the highest point the wayfarer passed through another gate, and pursued a level road, bordered by spaces of unclosed grass, sometimes widening almost to a common, sometimes shrinking to a mere strip between the white way and the low hedgerows. Reynold pushed forward, gazing at the sky. The clouds, torn and driven by the wind, fled wildly overhead, like shattered squadrons, and yet rolled up in new, unconquered masses, as if from a gloomy host encamped on the horizon. The moon, slowly climbing the heavens, fought her way as a swimmer fights the waves. Now she would show a pale face through the blanched ripples of a misty sea, then would be overpowered by a black deluge of cloud, which darkened earth and sky, and swept over her sunken and scarcely suspected presence. And then suddenly she would emerge, pearl-white and pure, from the midst of the fierce confusion, rising unopposed over a gulf of shadowy blue. Or yet again she would glance mockingly from behind a rent veil of gossamer at the lonely little traveller who toiled so far below, under the vast arch of the heavens, and who raised his preoccupied eyes to her, from the world of dream and mystery which he carried with him under the little arch of his skull. To Harding just then that inner world seemed more real, stranger, and less trodden, than did the world without. The billows of cloud, vast and formless and dark, rolling on high, were no more than symbols of the undefined forebodings which gathered blackly in his soul and changed with every thought. The wild and restless melancholy of the evening harmonized so marvellously with his temper, that he could almost have forgotten its outward reality, had it not been for the wind which blew freshly in his face. It did not seem possible that, when hereafter he came back to Mitchelhurst, he could walk this way whenever he pleased.

Yet he noted landmarks now and then. Here was a thin row of firs, slim and black, then a bare stretch of road where he stepped quickly, his shadow at his side for company, and then a sturdy oak, with all its brown leaves astir in a gust, which whispered hurriedly as he went by. Somewhat further yet the way grew narrow, dipping down into a little hollow, where a runnel of clear water crossed it, glancing over the pebbly earth. There was a plank at one side, and Reynold,

stepping on it, smelt the water-mint which clustered at its edge. It seemed, somehow, as if the night, which uttered his desolate thoughts in the wind and the flying clouds, breathed them in that perfume.

Reynold was one of those who take little interest, even as children, in stories of goblins and witches, yet who sympathize with the mood which gave such legends birth, something which in its unshapen darkness and mystery is more impressive than the strangest vision. Why this inexplicable mood, with its world-wide suggestiveness, should have come upon him that evening, transforming the bit of upland country through which he walked to a grey and ghostly region, he could not tell. He tried to reason with his shadowy presentiments. He was going to his work the next day; that very evening he was going back to the little parlor over the shop; Mrs. Simmonds would have his supper ready, old Simmonds would be smoking bad tobacco in the back room; his walk would lead to nothing else. Yet he could not convince himself. He could call up his uncle and Mrs. Simmonds before his eyes, but they were grotesque apparitions in his cloud-land. What was it that he was awaiting? Why did he feel as if the crisis of his fate were come, as if it would be upon him before the night were over? "Are we to see it out together?" he said, looking up at the moon.

He hardly knew whether he had uttered the question aloud or not, and he stopped short. There was a pool close by, roughly fenced from the road, and fringed with ragged bushes on the further side. He sat down on the rail. "To-morrow," he said to himself, "nothing can happen before to-morrow." He took old Mr. Harding's letter from his pocket, and tried to read it in the moonlight, but a sudden gust caught it, and almost tore it out of his hand. He crushed the flapping paper together, put it back, and sat gazing at the black pool at his side, idly wondering whether it were deep enough to drown a man. It looked deep, he thought—as deep as the heavens, and a troubled gleam of moonlight rested on it every now and then. Harding knew well that he should never touch his life, yet he played that night with the fancy that in one of the darkened moments when the moon was hidden, it would not be difficult to drop below that shadowy surface, and effectually end the business, so that when the bright glance rested there again it should

read nothing. He fancied the moonbeams travelling swiftly along the road, and not finding him, while he lay hidden under the water, with a clump of osiers bending and quivering above him in the windy night. "Why couldn't I do it?" he asked himself. "Why do I go on to meet my ill-luck? It is coming, I know, to play me some devil's trick—I feel it in the air, just as Mrs. Simmonds feels a change of the weather in her poor bones."

So, idly jesting, he stooped and tossed a pebble into the brimming blackness, and as he did so he pictured to himself the groping hands, and the ugly, strangling fight with death which the moon might chance to see, if it tore its veil aside too quickly. And, besides, there was the grim uncertainty of it. *What* was under that dusky surface? "That's as you please to put it, I suppose," said Reynold, getting to his feet. "Eternity, or just a little black mud. And, by Jove, that railing's rather shaky!" He turned his face towards Mitchelhurst, laughing at his own folly. "Well, I'll take to-morrow and its chance of fortune—presentiments and all!"

The wind, which had fought against him as he came, seemed now so impatient to get him safely back to Mrs. Simmonds, that it fairly took him by the shoulders and hurried him along, as if it knew that it was between nine and ten, and that the good lady was addicted to early hours. And perhaps Reynold himself was slightly ashamed of his moonlit vagary, and not altogether unwilling to seek the shelter of that little roof. He ran and walked down the field path, and saw the glimmering lights of the village below, small sparks of friendly welcome in the great night. When, finally, he turned into the Littlemere road, and was somewhat sheltered from the wind, he met a couple of youths, fresh from the Rothwell Arms, harmonious in their desire to sing together, but not in the result of their efforts. About a hundred yards further he encountered the Mitchelhurst policeman. The road was quite populous and homely.

He had outstripped his forebodings in his hurried race, and the question whether his landlady would think that he was very late for supper was uppermost in his mind. He opened the door, which was never fastened till Simmonds bolted it at night, and drew a breath which gave him a comprehensive idea of the variety of goods they kept in stock. With the chilly sweetness of the night air still upon him, the young man strode into his room, and con-

fronted Barbara Strange, who rose from the sofa to meet him.

All his misgivings overtook him in a moment.

From Temple Bar.

ALLITERATION.

THE extravagant and superficial employment of alliteration by modern poets and poetasters seems gradually to have brought a valuable art into unmerited disrepute. Obtrusive superficiality, generating a vague irritation in the critical mind, has induced it at times hastily to form an unkind and unworthy judgment of the art as a whole; whereas, if it be restrained within proper limits, if it be distributed felicitously over sufficient surface, alliteration is one of the most effective as well as most attractive aids in the construction of musical verse. English poetry would suffer severely if prohibited from availing itself of its help: and could we at a stroke spirit away all trace of its effects from any one great English poet, of ancient days or modern, we should be astonished to find how much of his long-cherished sweetness had mysteriously vanished. As Herrick sings, though not of our art:—

Where'er ye look ye see
No capital, no cornice free,
Or frieze, from this *fine* frippery.

The English language, as employed in poetry, labors under disadvantages. It cannot be made to admit the distinct and measured rhythm of Greek and Latin. It possesses no profusion of prominent vowel sounds and finals, like the Italian. It multiplies monosyllables, it huddles together innumerable consonants, the natural effect of which is to produce harsh or weak or heavy lines. It almost excludes the employment of rapid movements, unless the flow of rhythm can be eased by some artifice of sound or construction. Modern rhyme is by no means an adequate equivalent for the classical metres. The rhyming powers of English are indeed sufficient in the hands of a master for all practical purposes; but rhymed verse can seldom rise to the dignity, or sustain the continuous flow, which is needed in dramatic compositions and poems of great length. Accordingly, blank verse is introduced, and now, unless we can find some graceful means of easing the flow of sentences and lines, weakness and harshness are inevitable.

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It is here that alliteration becomes serviceable. Strong and sustained indeed must be the style which can produce musical blank verse without alliteration. Verse which has a rapid movement, such as we find in Lord Lytton's somewhat unjustly scouted "Translations from the Servian," whenever it rises, as it often does in those translations, to charming music, owes its charm to alliteration almost entirely and necessarily. There is no style of English verse to which alliteration will not afford welcome aid, whether it have a rapid or slow movement, or be rhymed or unrhymed. Alliteration fills innumerable offices. It lends a music of its own to atone for the absence of sweet rhymes and musical feet; it expresses pathos; it cherishes fondness; it strengthens what is weak; it smooths what is harsh; it regulates cadence, and poises sentences.

We may define alliteration to be *the repetition of the same or similar sounds in sufficient proximity to react each on each*. It is to poetry what the modified repetition of a note is to music. Of course, there is a limit to the use of the art, and this limit is easily fixed. The reaction, as we have called it, must be musical and natural. If it be unmusical, one end of poetry is not gained: so we have a limit in one direction. If it be artificial, we have a defect of art, since all art is defective which betrays the labor in the result. And so here is a limit in another direction. Such alliteration as the critic may justly blame will either be an unmusical collocation of sounds, or a collocation of unmusical sounds, or an over-prominent exhibition of the cause in the effect.

We do not mean to imply that the poet is always conscious of the art which he uses. A perfect artist acknowledges no rules. Nevertheless, a perfect artist may analyze effects and discover causes. So it is that in many—it may be said in most—instances the alliterating poet will not be conscious of his art while he employs it. He does not rack his brain for words which begin with, or which contain, alliterative letters or sounds. Pausing for a word which shall harmonize with the general music, or strengthen a weak point, or smooth a rough one, some alliterating word occurs quite naturally to his musical ear. He at once accepts it, instinctively feeling it to be what he wants. It is the sound which rules him rather than he the sound. And yet, on the other hand, familiarity with his art will render it difficult for alliteration to be produced

entirely unconsciously. The poet will generally immediately become aware of the cause of the effect produced. Even in pausing for a word he must often be conscious that he needs a word which will alliterate. But the art in itself is an instinctive one; in other words, we may say it is the inspiration of a musical mind. It is part and offshoot of the poetical genius, and no amount of artificial skill will produce true alliteration any more than true poetry, or a masterpiece of painting or music.

Among poets of the highest rank Spenser greatly exceeds the limits within which we would confine alliteration. We must maintain that, so far as he does exceed those limits, he injures his fame, his sweetness, and his verse. More than ordinary license may perhaps be conceded to the Spenserian stanza, for such license, as will be presently shown, serves in it a useful end. But in Spenser and his imitators, let us admit, alliteration was often degraded into a vice. Many of the examples in the "Shepherd's Calendar" rival in harshness and absurdity the lines of Shakespeare's parody:—

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
or even that line of "the good olde poet Ennius":—

Tu, Tite, tute Tati tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti.

There is more difficulty in deciding, in particular instances, whether alliteration is conscious or unconscious, than might be supposed. Often where it seems unmistakably artificial it may be otherwise. It is so in all art: for an art becomes a habit. A method with which we have become familiar acquires the strength of a law.

It would be an omission to make no mention of the influence of alliteration in prose composition. Musical prose, from its nature, is independent of alliteration to an extent to which verse cannot be, but it reaps a profitable harvest from a natural use of it. The main music of prose is produced by a secret rhythm of its own—of cadences, of gradation; but alliteration of words and letters will, if concealed from the reader, often add ease and sweetness, and go far to sustain the flow of a sentence.

From the letter of Sir Henry Wootton, prefixed to "Comus," and commended for its elegance by Milton himself, we extract a passage:—

Wherein I should *much commend* the Tragical part, if the *Lyrical* did not *ravish* me with a certain *Dorique delicacy* in your songs and odes; whereunto I must *plainly* confess to have seen nothing *parallel* in our language: Ipsa mollities. But I *must not omit* to tell you, that I now *only owe* you thanks for *intimating* unto me (how *modestly* soever) the *true artificer*.

It is evident from the words in italics how much play alliteration has here. First we have the *m*'s; then the *r* in *Lyrical* alliterates with *ravish*, if it does not altogether suggest the word. The next instance is evident. There is a double alliteration of *m* and *t* in *must not omit*; and follow the *t* to the end of the quotation. The next example is clear. *M* links together *intimating, me, and modestly*. Once more, *true artificer* speaks for itself. We do not suppose that in a single instance the writer was aware of these secret influences of sound.

Again, we may quote the English Prayer-Book:—

... To love and dread Thee, and diligently to live ...

... To receive it with *pure* affection, and bring forth the *fruits* of the *spirit*.

... Wherefore let us beseech Him to grant us true *repentance*, and His Holy *Spirit*, that those things may *please* Him which we do at this *present*, and that the rest of our life hereafter may be *pure* and holy. ...

A reader almost invariably unwittingly rests his voice on each of the five *p*'s successively.

Old English writers were extremely fond of a quaint artificial use of alliteration. As long as it remains merely quaint, it serves an end—to wit, to produce quaintness, which may be in its place unobjectionable. If it become pedantic or affected, it is odious enough. Some of the titles of Baxter's books stand visibly as a warning to certain writers of our day who have shown a decided tendency to revive a nuisance.

The trick of alliteration is often useful to give point to old proverbs. In such familiar sayings as "fine as fivepence," "nice as ninepence," "to lie by the legend," its importance is most curious.

The reader must have been struck with the vigor of Shakespeare's prose dialogues. Let him look over any one scene, and observe the gainful use of a conscious alliteration often of the better kind.

Spenser's dedication of his "Hymns" to the countesses may furnish us with an instance bordering closely on the objectionable: "... do rather sucke out poi-

son to their strong *passion* than *honey* to their *honest* delight."

Sir John Cheek, quoted in Ben Jonson's "Grammar," will serve as a climax:—

Who can persuade, where treason is above reason, and might above right; and it is had for lawful, whatever is lustful; and commotioners are better than commissioners; and common woe is named common-wealth?

If the last example is not offensive enough, we furnish another from William Prynne's "Terrible Outcry against the loitering exalted Prelates, etc.," 1641:—

They are so troubled with lordly living, they be so placed in palaces, couched in courts, ruffling in their rents, daunting in their dominions, burdened with embassages, pampering of their panches, like a monk that maketh his jubilee, munching in their mangers, and moyling in their gay manours and mansions, and so troubled with loitering in the Lordships, that they cannot attend it (to wit, preaching).

But apart from this foolish playing upon words, let us assure the reader that legitimate and beautiful alliteration abounds in modern prose. Let him take any one of Mr. Ruskin's exquisite descriptive pages, and he will discover, if he will try, that much of its beauty, yea, many of its ideas, are due to alliteration alone. It would even be easy to lay down certain peculiar laws of harmony, which Mr. Ruskin's alliteration unconsciously observes. In the following extracts we will only put in italics those words which we think are suggested to the writer by alliteration:—

... No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glaciers fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of its forests; no pale, defiled, and furious rivers rend their rude and changeful way among her rocks. (*p*, *r*, and *f*, are the key letters.)

... The shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately with the choking spray and shattered sunshine. . . .

... It is not redeemed from desertness, but unrestrained in fruitfulness—a generous land, bright with capricious plenty, and laughing from vale to vale in fitful fulness. . . .

The reader will say these are chosen extracts; the rest, then, shall all be chosen from the same half-page:

Such precipices are among the most *impressive* . . .

... in many spots inaccessible with *safety* . . .

... gather after every fall into darker *frowns* . . .

... forever incapable of *comfort* or of healing from *herb* or *flower* . . .

... no motion but their own *mortal* shivering . . .

... wandering hither and thither among their *walls* . . .

... the shriek of a bird that flits near the *face* of them . . .

... waste of *weary* precipice, darkening *five* (?) thousand feet of the blue *depth* of heaven . . .

In fact Mr. Ruskin goes too far. Let the reader once perceive the trick, and it spoils his pleasure.

Some examples of alliteration have been pointed out in Greek verse. They are scarcely worth a passing word. Alliteration would be superfluous in Greek. The rhythm of the Greek metres has a music of its own, so clear and so sustained, owing to the nature of the language, that alliteration, if it were made use of, would be lost. Whenever we find an example, it is rather accidental than real. It is rather produced by the unintentional reaction of similar sounds, consequent upon the mere arrangement of necessary words, than constructed, even unconsciously, upon any secret law of harmony. Substitute other letters for the alliterating letters, and you will find you lose little.

Latin alliteration calls for more notice, if we may be allowed to digress into this field for a moment. The Greek metres transferred to the Latin, become tamer. So they become sensitive, like the English, though in a less delicate degree, to the influence of alliteration. Yet even here, the smoother and more polished the Latin is, the more nearly is alliteration excluded. It occupies but an anomalous position; it exerts but an equivocal influence. In proportion as Latin is finished Latin, the slighter is the influence of alliteration upon it, the more sparing must be its employment; only as the Latin becomes rugged or artificial is the alliteration serviceable or appropriate. Thus in Virgil or Ovid alliteration is sparingly found; in Lucretius and Catullus it comes more prominently forward.

In the best Latin, whenever we find, as we occasionally do, a graceful instance, it will often be observable that the alliterating sounds fall at natural pauses of the lines, due to the sense or rhythm: here, because they do not so much interrupt a smooth flow, as help to produce a desirable rest, they are neither inharmonious nor useless. Here is a fair specimen from Ovid:—

Haec ego, quod voci deerat, plangore, replebam.

Verbera cum verbis mixta fuere meis.

The pentameter bears the alliteration more easily, because more artificial. The next specimen exhibits the best alliteration which smooth Latin admits of — an unexceptionable instance : —

*Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
Populus in fluviis.*

All the *p*'s are at natural pauses. In truth, the entire reason of the failure of alliteration in Latin is the fact that the language seldom admits of particular syllables becoming prominent. But sometimes the undersound of a quiet alliteration is not unpleasant : as in *admonitura mei; præcipitata toro; consistere certa*. In the Horatian metres, where the pauses of the feet are more defined, the alliteration is sometimes graceful : —

Nil picis timidus navita puppibus.

So, indeed, in Virgil at times : —

*Quæ ne monstra pii patenter talia Troes
Delati in portus neu litora dira subirent,
Neptunus ventis implevit zela secundis
Atque fugam dedit et præter vada fervida
vexit.*

The mere recurrence of a letter is not alliteration. Notice the *p*'s, *t*'s, *v*'s, and *n*'s we have left unmarked.

Observe how Virgil uses alliteration to add weight to the final line of a poem : —

*Incipe, parve puer; cui non risere parentes,
Nec deus hunc mensâ, dea nec dignata cubili
est.*

Catullus's hexameters, as older, are more rugged than those of his successors. Then, besides, he uses tripping metres. Lucretius is most uncouth of all, with his heavy lines, labored and rude. Accordingly, alliteration often has considerable power to assist them.

Lucretius is almost as persevering as Spenser in making his noun alliterate with its epithet; but he rises to easy grace only occasionally. His pages are crowded with such instances as *minaci murmure, corpora caeca, validis cum viribus*. In four cases alliteration lends him the same good aid which it affords to English — the same in kind, at least, if not in degree — as when a pause is desirable :

*Ductores Danaum, delecti, prima virorum;
when the alliterating words are placed at a considerable distance from each other, but connected in sense : —*

*Strataque jam volgi pedibus detrita viarum
Saxea conspiciamus;
when there is a weak point which needs strength : —*

Mata metu terram genibus submissa pefebat;
when the alliterating sound begins a new line, and so links it to the previous one :

. . . nec lucida tela diei

Discutiant.

We must not forget to notice, in passing, the old "alliterative metre," at one period much used in England, which came in with the Anglo-Saxons, who derived it from the Icelanders. It ran along after this fashion : —

All robed in russet | I roamed about,
All a summer season, | to seek Dowell.

Each line consisted of two parts, and was required to contain the same sound as least three times. In the Icelandic and the Anglo-Saxon these two parts formed a couplet, which seems in English to have been written in one line, as the specimen given above, only to save space, and always with a dividing mark in the oldest manuscripts. The longest extant poem in this metre is "Pierce Plowman's Vision." It will be observed that the metre would not be destroyed by removing the alliteration, which rather aids the musical effect than of itself produces it. Gradually, as rhyme was added, the alliterative element fell into disuse, though the metre was retained. Compare with it the French heroic measure.

Has it ever occurred to the reader to analyze the music of a favorite passage, to discover, if possible, in what the music consists? The natural impression is that the main effect is produced by uniformity of rhythm, and regular fall of accent. The truth is really the reverse of this. Hence is explained how a monotonous reader seldom succeeds in bringing out the music of a passage. Even the classical hexameters would be intolerable, if their dactyls and spondees followed each other in a prescribed order. But the English language, scarcely conscious of true quantity and metrical feet, ever oppressed with harsh-sounding combinations of consonants and abrupt finals, is thrown upon other resources. In its lighter strains it finds much of what is needful in the tinkling of rhyme; but in its more severe forms of expression the music is sought in variety of rhythm rather than monotony, in irregular fall of accent, in subtle arrangement of pauses. Not allowed a continuous, smooth flow, it still produces a new sort of harmony out of peculiar arrangement of weak lines and strong, smooth and harsh. Many lines which

critics tauntingly point to as weak are in their places and doing their work. We remember hearing stigmatized as a weak line the line in Tennyson's "Mariana," —

She could not look on the sweet heaven.

So it is — touchingly weak, like a child's hand.

Our meaning will appear more plainly if we take an example: —

Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some war with r  remice for their leathern wings,

To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders

At our quaint spirits — sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

The first line begins the paragraph with considerable spirit. The second hurries on, and only pauses at the end. The third keeps up the emphasis bravely. The fourth labors to keep it up. The fifth leans heavily half-way, and balances the whole paragraph with three contiguous words, not one of which you can utter rapidly, if you make the attempt. Again the stream continues, but rests at *spirits*, after calling to its aid an extra syllable in line six. Making one more effort to continue, it draws up abruptly at *asleep*; and so ripples on resignedly to its end, without a single distinct accent; beautifully for the sound, though rather too pettishly for the sense.

Such being the rhythmical construction of much of English verse, it will easily be seen how important a part alliteration may be made to play in it. If a sentence requires breaking up, alliteration will assist in drawing the emphasis to appropriate places. If a pause is too harsh, alliteration will help to smooth its harshness, or relieve it by creating an additional pause. It may be made useful to add strength to a line by producing easy emphasis, or to add ease by a glib smoothness. Also, what it can do for a line, it will do, on a larger scale, for a sentence. Carrying often some one sound, or several sounds, latently through an intricate paragraph, it will link the whole together with a secret harmony, seldom distinctly apprehended, but always felt. And besides all these uses, like the green ivy leaves, which cooled the brows of the ancients, it is beautiful as well.

A line is weighted by pauses, by broad vowel sounds, or accumulation of conso-

nants. We have shown how alliteration is valuable to produce or regulate the first, how it is frequently necessary to ease or smooth the latter. The passage quoted above may serve as an illustration of these assertions.

The whole music of the paragraph is linked together by the latent sound of *k*. You find it in *come, kill*, twice in *cankers*, in *musk, coats, keep, clamorous*, and lastly in *quaint*. In the third line a pause is produced by the alliteration of *kill* with *cankers*, which balances the hard word *cankers*, while the rapidity of the *k* sound keeps the pause light. But when a heavy pause is needed, and presently produced by three compact words, *small elves coats*, then the *l*'s alliterate, to take off the harshness. If you try any other heavy word in the place of *elves*, the difference will be very perceptible.

Much of this may seem fanciful. Let us repeat, we are not by any means supposing a knowledge, in the poet, of these minutiae. We are merely analyzing the harmony produced, mainly unconsciously, by a musical mind, to discover, if possible, the cause from the effect; much as you would pull, for once, to pieces a flower, to count the stamens or petals. Nor is the inquiry useless. For the one flower you spoil, the rest become more charming.

Alliteration of vowels is very subordinate. Vowels either produce sounds too perfect, or are lost in the sounds of the consonants. But at times the alliteration of a vowel, repeated after a short interval, produces a beautiful effect. It will generally, but not always, be a long vowel. Its occurrence is uncommon. No artificial skill could produce a true instance, but only the unconscious mind-music. In an ordinary line, which is only intended to flow regularly through its allotted limits, it might be laid down as a rule that the same vowel sound should not be repeated, or the line will be broken and unmusical, and its even flow interrupted.

The little thing would weep itself to sleep
is a line deficient in harmony; it is cut in two, as it were, and would be intolerable in rhymed verse.

Not that I would be thought an admirer of the critical acumen of Karl Else, who would change to *smell* (*Athenaeum*, March 12, 1881) the last word in Shakespeare's line: —

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging
sweet.

Or again —

With silken sail and cedar oar (*Tennyson*)
would be ruined if the same vowel sound
were repeated. But when a line needs
weighting for any reason, as, for instance,
to wind up a sentence, the judicious repe-
tition of a long vowel, in immediate se-
quence, introduces the subtlest kind of
alliteration. Two finer lines are not to
be found in the English language than
those of Milton, —

May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore.

The *b*'s and the *l*'s have fair work to do,
and that wonderful letter *r* still more;
but the crowning effect is produced by the
repetition of *o*.

So, Shelley: —

And up through the rifts
Of the rainbow cliffs
They passed to their *Dorian home*.

It will be well to illustrate the previous
remarks, and easier to point out several
minor peculiarities of alliteration, by a few
examples.

Begin with an unusual alliteration, from
Vaughan: —

O holy hope and high humility,
High as the heavens above!

This expresses longing, but is somewhat
trying.

Hear Robert Browning, for the sake of
his versatility, and for the especial reason
that his English could dispense with allit-
eration, if any English could: —

And lay it for show on the fairy-cupped,
Elf-needed mat of moss;

a dainty specimen, both in the four *f*'s
and two *m*'s.

Or, again, a wonderful piece of modu-
lation: —

Cleon, the poet (from the sprinkled isles,
Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea,
And laugh their pride, when the light wave
lisp "Greece"),
To Protus in his Tyranny, much heath.

Again, Shelley, most rhythmical of
poets: —

The winds in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cicade above in the lime,
And the lizard below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
List'ning to my sweet pipings.

First two *r*'s, then a multitude of *b*'s and
l's. Especially notice how exquisitely the
l in *lime* is caught up by *lizard*, and again
by *list'ning*.

Shakespeare will show us how his songs
are made: —

Full fathom five thy father lies;

or —

Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Two *m*'s in line one; two *s*'s in line two,
which sound *spell* picks up; *nigh*, echoing
the numerous *n*'s; the *l* in *lady* especially
to be remarked.

And, for Spenser — if alliteration could
be annihilated in "The Fairy Queen,"
that work of genius, chiefly from its slow
march of line, would become almost un-
readable. Much of its alliteration cannot
be conceived to be unconscious. Almost
every stanza is kept together by some one
letter threading through it, and binding
the nine lines in one harmonious bond.
Seldom we have an epithet but it allit-
erates with its noun; and the final line,
which requires sustained strength, gen-
erally acquires it by help of our art.

We need not delay to multiply instances.
Take the second stanza, and from one
learn almost all: —

And on his breast a bloodie cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he
wore,

And dead, as living, ever him adored;
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he
had.

Right faithful, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer *d*id seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing *d*id he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Notice how *d* runs throughout, and how
the last line is sustained by it. The only
excuse for so much formal alliteration, is
the difficulty of keeping the Spenserian
stanza well together without it. It must
either employ alliteration, or move quickly,
as in Shelley. Recall the stanza of By-
ron, commencing

There was a sound of revelry by night,

and trace the letter *b* through it.

But if we pass over something in itself
blameworthy, because of its utility, no
leniency can be extended to this sort of
thing: —

Ne breast of baser birth doth thep embrace;
nor this: —

The silver swan doth sing before his dying day,
As she that feels the deep delight that is in death ;

in the same page with which we find the curious note, "I think this playing with the letter be rather a *fault* than a *figure*."

I cannot spare the reader a handful of quotations from Herrick, perhaps the daintiest of English singers : —

Making a carcanet of *maiden* flowers.

Lillies will *languish*, violets will wither,
And keep a fast and *funeral* together,
If Sappho *droop*, daisies will open never . . .

Nor that fine worm that does inter
Herself i' the *silken* sepulchre.

O pious priestess, make a peace for us.

In barge with boughs and rushes beautified.

When the spirit fills
The fantastic pannicles.

Hush'd be all things, no noise here
But the *toning* of a tear,
Or a sigh of *such* as bring
Cowslips for her *covering*.

Now let us examine a few specimens from the Laureate's verses. No poet manages his alliteration more ably than Tennyson; no poet would lose more by the use of it being denied him. Indeed, the more musical the poet, the oftener we shall find him offending.

Begin with his first words : —

Where Claribel low-lieth
The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall :
But the solemn oak-tree sigheth . . .

Observe eight sounds of *l* in four lines, and the *s*'s in the last, the third line being the best modulated.

Turn the page : —

Airy, fairy Lilian !
Flitting, fairy Lilian !

Here *flitting* would never have occurred to the poet's mind, but for the *f* in *fairy*; yet it contains the idea of the poem.

Try "The Princess : " —

Father will come to thee soon :
Father will come to his babe in the nest :
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :

where the *s* in *west* must be allowed its share in the general sibilation. Or, "In Memoriam : " —

And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

Who can say where the charm lies?
Where, but in the two *b*'s, the two *d*'s, the

s's, and the three broad *a*'s, with their soothing exquisite calm? Or, "Maud : " —

Out he walked when the wind like a broken
worldling wailed,

weighted — too heavily — with five *w*'s.

Maud, the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all,

where we have to thank the *m* for giving us the expressive word *moon-faced*. Or, once more : —

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

What with *d*'s, *p*'s, *b*'s, and the softer but smoother sound *ph*, you hear the music of the brook as plainly over the gravel, as you would if you leaned, as I have, on a certain little bridge, near which the Laureate's youth was dreamed away.

Lastly, the "Idylls," lest our poet should be said to have outgrown a trivial art : —

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-bye will make the music mute ;

where the recurrence of *u* is especially to be noted : —

The little rift, within the *lover's* lute :
Or little *pitted* speck in garner'd fruit :

which word *pitted*, so finely graphic, so daintily pathetic, is entirely due to the *ph* in *speck*.

Milton should not be omitted, and with him we conclude. Consider his blank verse : —

Of man's first *d*isobedience and the fruit
Of that *forbidden* tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of *Eden*.

Notice how the final word picks up the *e*'s and *d*'s.

Take a rhymed passage : —

Bring the rathe *primrose* that forsaken dies,
The *tufted* crow-toe, and *pale* jessamine,
The *white* pink and the *pansy* freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired wood-bine,
With cowslips wan that hang the *pensive*
head,
And every flower that *sad* embroidery wears :
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And *daffadillies* fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where *Lycid* lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

This passage illustrates nearly every point in our argument. In Todd's "Milton," the line,

Sandy Ladon's lilyed banks,

is honored by T. Warton with a learned note. Classic quotations in abundance do their utmost to show that there is no tradition of lilies on the banks of Ladon. Alliteration whispers the secret.

Once more — one instance out of many of the poet caught in the act, as any one who examines the various readings of Milton's manuscript at Cambridge, may discover. He had written, —

And from the *leaves brush* off the evil dew ;
but he drew his pen through *leaves*, and wrote *boughs*.

We have said enough to show the value of alliteration, the beauty, the fascination of it; we have, we think, succeeded in establishing a case for the poet, who is not abashed to be found in such excellent company.

The danger and the snare of the art, it must be admitted, we have passed too lightly over. T. ASHE.

From The Spectator.

A NEW AID TO THRIFT.

It is worth the while of those who are interested in promoting thrift to consider the novel arrangements which have lately been made by the post-office for facilitating the purchase of small annuities and policies of insurance. The efforts of the government to bring this species of provision for old age and for wife and child within the reach of persons of small means have not hitherto met with conspicuous success. The Post-Office Savings' Bank, started in 1861, has advanced in popular favor by leaps and bounds. In less than twenty-five years it has become the depository of about £40,000,000, and has secured as a customer one out of every ten persons in England and Wales. In 1864 the experiment of using the post-office machinery to promote saving habits was repeated with reference to annuities and insurance. The postmaster-general was authorized to effect insurances in sums varying from £20 to £100, and to grant annuities of £50 or less. Singularly enough, this second experiment has hitherto been a comparative failure. Immediate annuities have been granted at the rate of between seven hundred and eight hundred a year, but not more than fifty deferred annuities have been purchased each year since the commencement of the system, and less than four hundred policies of insurance. When

these figures are compared either with the millions in which the Savings' Bank records deal, or with the huge transactions of such associations as the Prudential Insurance Company, it is obvious that the post-office annuity and insurance system has, for some reason, failed to meet the public requirements. It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Fawcett would be long at the post-office without endeavoring to ascertain the cause of this comparative failure. In 1882, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed at the instance of the postmaster general, and the suggestions embodied in their report became the subject of an act passed in the same year. To this act effect has now been given by the issue of new tables and regulations, and the amended system came into operation early last month.

By the new act, the minimum limits previously existing in the case of insurances and annuities have been abolished, and the maximum for an annuity has been raised from £50 to £100. The restrictions as to age have been relaxed; an annuity may now be purchased on any life above five, and an insurance on any life above eight, the amount, however, not exceeding £5 up to the age of fourteen. But the most important change recommended by the committee and adopted by the government (a change which is due to the suggestion of Mr. Cardin, an able and energetic official of the post-office), is the transaction of insurance and annuity business, not only through the post office, but through the Post Office Savings' Bank. This may not at first sight strike any one as a very fruitful expedient, but a few words will make the character of the change and its importance clear. Hitherto a person wishing to insure his life or to buy an annuity has had to choose one of about two thousand post-offices at which to pay his premiums and to transact business. If he left the part of the country where this office was situated troublesome formalities had to be gone through before the account could be transferred to a more convenient place. In future there will be no such restriction. The purchaser of an annuity or policy will, from the time he makes his first payment, become a depositor in the Savings' Bank. An account will be opened in his name, and he may henceforth use any of the seven thousand post-offices where savings' bank business is conducted for the payment of his instalments or premiums. Further, he will not be obliged to

make his payments at any fixed time. He may pay in his spare cash when and how he likes, only taking care that at the time the payment for his annuity or insurance becomes due he has money enough standing to his account to make good the requisite amount. The application of the sum to the payment of the premium will be effected by the post-office without any trouble to him. He will, in fact, be in the position of a man who has given an order to his banker to draw on his account for an annual subscription to a club or charity, and he will have the advantage of a bank with branches in every village of any size throughout the country. On the other hand, the union of insurance with Savings' Bank business will act as an advertisement of the facilities offered by the post-office. Every Savings' Bank deposit book will contain a notice of the leading rules as to annuities and life insurance, and thus, as new accounts are opened or new books issued on old accounts, the system will gradually be brought to the notice of the enormous *clientèle* of the Savings' Bank, — a body of more than three million persons.

Mr. Fawcett, in one of his recent speeches, instanced some striking examples of the extent to which very slight efforts by way of saving in youth will afford substantial assistance in old age. A lad of fifteen is commonly in the receipt of weekly wages varying from 10s. upwards. To put aside a penny a week is a quite imperceptible sacrifice. But by such a minute act of saving, continued through life till the age of sixty, an annuity of £2 10s. will be secured at that age. Thus each penny a week saved will bring 1s. a week in old age. Savings' banks do not receive less than 1s. at a time; but the stamp slips introduced a few years since are received as deposits, and hence all that is necessary is to put a 1d. stamp on the slip each week, and to take the slip to the bank when full. Saving habits could hardly be made more easy. Of course, a more considerable act of saving will receive a proportionately greater reward. If 1s. a week is saved from fifteen to sixty, instead of 1d., the annuity payable will be £30 — a very solid support in declining years. Take another class of cases. A governess can obtain employment much more easily between twenty and fifty than after fifty. If, during her best years, she puts by 2s. a week, she will secure at fifty an annuity of £18 a year. The annuity of a man making the same saving will be £21; the average longevity being not

quite so great, and the tables, therefore, more favorable. And it will not be necessary, it is to be remembered, under the new scheme, to put the 2s. into a stocking every week until the full amount of the annual instalment is made up. The amount can be paid into the Savings' Bank at the nearest money-order office weekly, or at any times most convenient. It is something, in such cases, to have the act of self denial performed once for all, and the money put out of reach, instead of lying before its owner always temptingly offering itself to be spent. The act of saving may, indeed, be made almost automatic. If a man or woman of twenty has £20 deposited in the savings' bank, the interest of this sum (10s. a year) may, by an order given once for all, be devoted to the purchase of an annuity or insurance; and thus, without any further action on the part of the saver, and without touching the capital, an annuity of £5, or an assured sum of about £25, may be secured at sixty. If the £20 is invested in government stock through the savings' bank, the interest will be 12s. instead of 10s. annually, and the annuity or insurance will be proportionately larger; and if further sums are added to the £20 from time to time, the interest of these may be similarly devoted, and the result still further improved.

On the whole, one would have thought that the system of insurance would not be quite so attractive as that of deferred annuities, the sums insured by small savings being themselves too small to afford much in the way of capital to those for whom the insurant desires to provide. The figures we gave at the commencement of this article show, however, that this is not the popular view; and the great success of the Prudential and other popular insurance companies places it beyond doubt that, to secure even so small a sum as £5 on death, is a desideratum with the wage-earning class, the payment of funeral expenses being a burden which it is thought well to meet by such means. The new government tables give the person wishing to insure, a choice between various methods. He may adopt the ordinary plan of securing a sum at death by a payment throughout life, or he may arrange that his premiums shall cease at sixty. He may, on the other hand, secure payment at sixty or sooner in case of death; or, if he likes to make his purchase by a single, instead of an annual premium, he may secure a sum at death, at sixty, or at the end of various fixed periods from

ten to forty years, or sooner in each case in the event of death. To revert to the example we first gave, if the youth of fifteen devoted his penny a week to the purchase of an insurance, he might secure about £12 payable at death, or a slightly less sum payable at sixty or sooner in the event of death. Even the maximum sum insurable, £100, might be secured at death, or at sixty or sooner in the event of death, by the saving of so small a sum as 8*d.* a week in the first case, and 9*d.* in the second.

It is not only by means of convenient tables and of rare banking facilities that provision for old age and death is now made easy to persons of small means. Many incidental aids have recently been extended to the thrifty. Thus, by an act of last year a depositor in a savings' bank has been enabled to nominate a person to receive the deposits at the death of the depositor, all formalities in the shape of probate or letters of administration being dispensed with. The same advantages are now extended to persons insuring through a savings' bank. At the same time, in cases where it is still necessary to obtain probate or letters of administration, the expense has been reduced to a minimum in the case of small amounts by Mr. Gladstone's act of 1881. But perhaps the greatest aid to thrift has been supplied by the Married Women's Property Acts. It is notorious that women of the working classes are more prone to save than men. The clear and decisive provisions of the lord chancellor's act of 1882, place savings made by married women completely out of their husbands' power. In the case of insurance, in particular, a married woman is empowered to effect a policy upon her own life or her husband's for her separate use, that is, so that the policy is freed from the claims of her husband's creditors; and any husband or wife in solvent circumstances may, by a simple declaration, settle a policy on his or her own life for the benefit of the family, with all the results flowing from the ordinary marriage settlement. Such aids to thrift will not, of course, make themselves felt immediately; Englishmen are proverbially slow to enter upon new ways. But in time the conjoint effect of such legislation must be felt; and one may hope that more and more money will gradually be abstracted from the pockets of the brewer and the distiller, to the temporary embarrassment perhaps of the chancellor of the exchequer, but to the lasting profit of the nation.

From All The Year Round.

SOCIAL VILLAGE LIFE IN 1800.

TURNING over a pile of old books and papers which had lain snugly in a garret of an old English manor-house for centuries, some choice treasures of MS. records were discovered, and also some letters which appeared to have but little in them of interest, for they were but of recent date, compared to the volumes carefully written some four centuries since; but yet on running through them, they brought home most forcibly the wondrous change in social life that this century has witnessed.

The principal document which led us back into the home life of 1800, was the fragment of a diary started by a young lady on January 1st in that year. The book in which she began, with probably a fixed resolve to enter, day by day, the great events of her life, has but little of the dainty appearance of a lady's pocket-book. About a foot square, and an inch thick, bound in stout white parchment, and made of good, stout, strong paper, it looks more like that for which it has since for a time been used, a farmer's account-book, than the pet companion of a lady in her boudoir. The diary-keeping appears to have been an after-thought, as the beginning of the book is occupied by a collection of recipes copied out apparently for the owner of the book, as only a few are in her own handwriting.

Some of these recipes are curious, as "To make a floating island," "To make walnut-water for bruises and cuts;" this is a mild remedy and not particularly unpleasant; but "An approved receipt for a cough, in either young or old," is suggestively unpleasant. "Take a calf's liver and two handfuls of chervil, boil them in a gallon of spring-water to a quart, then strain, and give the patient a coffee-cup full every morning fasting, and every night going to rest." It kindly adds, "If their stomach will stand it, they may take a little at noon," and, perhaps needlessly, enjoins, "They must not take any other medicine whilst under this course." After this it is pleasant to come upon "To make little cakes for tea," which has a cosy ring about it; and, farther on, it is curious to notice how nobility descended in those days to petty little matters concerning the stomach. The last recipe but one is that "my sister uses for her pickled pork, given by Miss —, whose mother got it from the Duke of Somerset." How useful the duke would have been in the butchering department of the army and navy stores!

The then and now have their assimilations.

After the recipes comes poetry. The book is made to do duty as an album, but most of the pieces are written by the fair owner of the volume. The first piece copied is by "Charlotte Smith," "in unison with my own feeling." It commences: —

Ah, why will morning with officious care ;

but the best part of these lines, and of those that follow, are generally the bits with which M. W., the owner of the book, endorses all the melancholy ideas that are told in rhymed heroics; such as in the next piece she places at the head: —

"How refreshing sleep is to the miserable none but the wretched know. I can speak from experience."

The diary which comes farther on in the book hardly gives the idea of a wretched woman, but from it may leak out a cause for this phrase. Of course Miss Smith writes a poem "To the Moon." This is a sad complaint of Miss Smith's sad fate; she watches the moon's shadow, although there is no sun eclipse, and regardless of a "Proctor" who is to follow her, yearns to be released from here to live in the (dead ashes of the) moon. This sad and forlorn lady who, in 1800, revels in gaiety, writes, in 1799, over a poem on hope, by the same Miss Smith, "Could I now feel one hope, life would have charms!"

All the usual subjects of poets are dwelt upon by Miss Smith. Fortitude she hails as a "Nymph of the Rock," and fancy as a "Queen of Shadows." Farther on is copied out an extract from Bidlake's sermons on a good conscience, and following this, is a letter of six or seven quarto pages, written by a servant to her lover, and given to him immediately after her death.

The fragment of the diary itself is headed in full, "January the first, 1800." Without any shirking the matter, here is a full determination to commence the century by keeping a diary, and the first entry reads: "The Miss Greens dined with us; we had a fiddle in the evening; sent for Miss — and her brothers Hugh and Joe; we had a pleasant dance; did not break up till three o'clock."

On the next day the frost has broken up and they are kept within doors, but on the third a certain John and his sister call, and again the next day, and on the 5th the mother of Mr. John sends, asking the fair diarist to dinner, of course not to meet Mr. John. She enters whom they

met and that they "had a pleasant dance and then partook of a very good supper." No sham, ethereal young damsel this; she enjoys the good things of the earth in spite of her wail, in 1799, of "Could I now feel one hope!" Indeed, she appears to enjoy the world fairly even without one.

The next day she devotes to writing to her sister and friends, of course telling them whom she had met, all about the dances, with not-to-be-resisted notes anent Mr. John.

The next day again, she goes to a ball in the nearest town, and meets "a number of people there," and John's mother takes her home to supper after the ball, and with glee she states, "we did not go to bed till near six." Again, the next day Mr. John's mother follows up the attack and gives a quiet little dinner to just five other friends, and she, M. W., does not go to bed till past twelve.

But a very short entry tells the story of the next day: "We were alone; I wrote letters in the eve." The next two days are again full of gaiety at the house of Mr. John's mother.

Sunday is a noteworthy day. The great man from the great house calls and invites them to a ball on the Thursday; she also goes out to dinner and sees a little lot of grandchildren sent home from their Christmas visit to their grandmother. The old lady is left in great grief for their loss, and the children were likewise much affected.

Day after day in the January month is but one succession of dining and dancing, always with the same people, and the result is that on the following Sunday a note is made, "I had a great pain in my head." But the next day the snow prevents their going out and so gives her a day of rest. On the following day again they dine out "on a little goose, won at a raffle." County families rarely now indulge in raffling for geese. The next day is an eventful one; she goes into the country town on Mr. John's mother's horse behind John; one can picture John's head being more often turned behind than towards the horse's head.

This is a new pleasure, and a little arrangement appears to have been made for some friends to drive her in a post-chaise on the following day to another small town; but she does not drive back with them, for curiously enough John is there on his mother's horse, and again she rides home behind him. It was "a very stormy, rainy day, it rained hard all the way; we were quite wet through," and the entry winds up with the pointed note, "I drew on Mr. — for eight guineas." The next

entry is a sad one, and curiously enough the writer enters the date rightly, and crosses it out, entering a wrong one, and the date after this is not put at all, simply the day. It is a very short entry, and tells its own tale: "John went to London; left us all very low-spirited; sat at work all day."

Up to this date our fair diarist has not spoken of work, and her duties would make one think her life but a butterfly existence of pleasure; but the month of January is over, John is gone to far distant London, and the play of life must end, and work begin. There are three or four more entries of visits and visiting, and then comes the entry, Thursday, "Busy ironing all day; very fine weather," and next to it, Friday, "Hard at work making shirts for Andrew; hardly moved from my seat the whole day," and yet again the next day, "Very busy shirt-making." On Sunday, February 2nd, the date is again carefully given, and the entry notes the receipt of a letter from a lady friend, and that they went to church, and ends, "A miry, disagreeable day," and so ends this fragment of a short-lived diary. One month and two days brings to an end the diary which was begun with great decision and exactness.

But this fragment gives the working and holiday life in those old days when the receipt of a letter was noteworthy. For the owner of this diary was of a good family, and moved in high circles, as some old letters which were found with the diary will show.

After the diary are some blank pages, of course meant to have been filled in with the diurnal notes, but the old pastime of copying poetry is again taken up, and some original lines, "written by me," fill some pages. Blair's sermons are again seized upon for an extract, but an event in 1805 arouses her to another poetical effort, and she writes some sixteen lines, "On the last order Lord Nelson gave," cruelly mangling the order by beginning: "England expects each man will act his part."

The old house where this lady lived and loved, and where John came riding up on his mother's horse to take her behind him to go into the little country town, is a fine specimen of the comfortable old English mansions, now mostly being turned into farmhouses. It is next door to the church, a side door from the lawn leading into the churchyard, from whence on a Sunday the family issued, receiving the bows and curtsies of the peasants, as they passed up the pathway to the chancel-door to enter the square old pew overshadowed

by the pulpit, and hidden from the gaze of the villagers in the nave by the projecting buttresses of the chancel arch.

At the front gates is the village pond, overshadowed by a grand old elm, which is still waving in its beauty, and beneath it are still standing in perfect order the village stocks, where many a village delinquent has probably been passed by M. W. A row of old pollards shelters the pathway to the church, and upon one of these, called the Vicar's Tree, even to-day are posted the written notices of the great events which convulse the little community. The mark of the tennis-courts are still visible against the north wall of the church, where perchance M. W. had also often seen the villagers enjoying a game of tennis amidst the graves of the village forefathers.

Lying beside the diary were some old letters, the dates upon some of them varying from 1790 to 1805, most of them received apparently by the mother of the young lady, from one who bears a name that was noted in the wars of that date, while various references show the circle in which our family moved, and, together with the diary, they give a striking insight into the life of 1800. These letters, being by a lady, unfortunately have no date; they are written on a Saturday night, or perhaps the day of the month is put, but, alas! never the year; but it would not be difficult to give the exact year. One of this lady's letters refers pathetically to some money which has lately fallen to her. She says: "Mr. B. has paid me a part of my money, and I am soon to have the remainder, thanks to — for what I have got, for if they had not told his brother, I believe the bishop's breaking his neck would not have been much use to me." Probably the bishop would hardly have enjoyed such a business-like reference to his broken neck; but our writer is outspoken, for in the latter part of the same letter she writes: "The poor Duke of Gloucester, who everybody loves, is dangerously ill, and indeed I am afraid there is but little hope of his recovery. It is reported he sent a message by Lord North to the king, entreating him to take care of his wife and children, and that — the brute, I should have said, if he was not the king — made answer, he saw no reason why he should do more for him than he had hitherto done." In another of her letters she says: "I give you some little proof of my esteem and respect for you when I tell you that these moments I employ in writing to you are a part of the last twenty-four hours I shall be in En-

gland." They set out for France on the morrow, and her brother being upon secret service, she can say no more about it. At another time it was determined that two young ladies and Molly, the writer's maid, should go to Dunkirk in Lord Byron's yacht. What trim ladies'-maid would now suffer to be called Molly? The important part of this letter is in the postscript, which runs: "My white gown begins to wear under the arms. How does Mrs. C.'s crape one do?" Colonies were being lost to England, all Europe was combined against her; but this fair dame, dating now from Cobham, gives as her choice bit of news that her white gown is beginning to wear.

Another letter from another lady friend gives another instance of how Christian names fall out of date. She thanks the one to whom she is writing for her kind attentions to "Charity," who appears to be a daughter, and then continues: "I see upon the papers" (the word "upon" for "in" is always now used in the village) "Lord Cornwallis is appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. I hope he will get Master Andrew" — the young gentleman for whom the shirts were made — "upon the list," etc., giving a little peep into the patronage of the past.

Another letter, which is of a little later date, and has not quite so old-world an appearance, is sent from the quiet little town of Ashford, in Kent, in the year 1805. It is from a son to a mother. Although the youngster alludes pathetically to "the fate of war," having just had to march fourteen miles, his letter has nothing very peculiarly sad about it. Like other youngsters, his allowance troubles him. There being no barracks in Ashford, he has to pay to his captain six shillings a week in excess of his six shillings lodging money allowed him, which is a great pull from his pay. Ashford must have been very different then from now, or the young rascal presumes upon his mother's ignorance, and profits by the difficulty of travel, for he says, "There is not a lodging to be got of any kind of decency," a little fact his mother would hardly have believed could she have seen the comfortable old town. "You quite hurt me," he says, "by thinking me extravagant. I stint myself as much as possible to avoid troubling you, but you know my pay, and you might of known officers live on it in your time, but it t'was quite different to these times." His spelling is rather curious, but he is decidedly apt at cajolery. "I had rather cut my hand off than be obliged to trouble you if

necessity did not oblige me, but in the course of a few years I hope to repay you. Consider an officer's life. What is he thought of if he shuns his brother officers, or never to mix with them in any society, a mere sypher" (he was rather puzzled over "cypher," so he dots the "y" to make sure of it) "by the whole of them. However, I will leave off this subject; I know it vexes you." And so he drops it, and, as he cannot ask for money after this, he continues at once: "Would be obliged to you to send me some shirts, etc." (the "etc." is very good), "as the expedition is expected to be called out every day." What mother could resist this? And so, with another gentle hint, he adds: "I received the money you sent me quite safe, and, rather than it should have distressed you, would have starved myself rather than have written again." And so he writes for "shirts, etc."

Poor fellow! Was the expedition called out, and did he, like so many thousand Englishmen, leave his bones in Spain, to satisfy "Boney's" land-greed, or did he come back after "15," to repay his mother by his safety? His name is one well honored in later years in English history.

And so we will close this picture of English life but eighty years since — a time within the memory of many, but to the middle-aged of to-day and to the young a time of the dim past, when life was strangely different to the rush and struggle amidst which we now live. This diary and letters contain but trivial facts, but they help to give a quaint picture of village life in 1800.

From Nature.

BIRDS'-NEST SOUP.

IT is scarcely probable that the famous birds'-nest soup which Chinese cooks at the Health Exhibition offer to favored visitors will ever become a popular dish in England. The tasteless, gelatinous compound is not suited to our palates. Perhaps this is not to be regretted, as the supply of material for this mysterious compound is far from being inexhaustible. There appears to be only one place in the world where it can be obtained in any quantity, and this has recently been visited by Mr. Pryer, a naturalist of Yokohama, who communicates his observations to the *Japan Gazette*, an English journal published in that settlement. Leaving Elopura, the infant capital of the infant colony of British North Borneo, in March

last, Mr. Pryer ascended for some thirty miles the Sapugaya River, which flows into Sandakan Bay, on which the town is built. Passing through the mangrove and nipa swamps which line the banks, he arrived at noon on the second day at his destination — the celebrated birds'-nest caves of Gomanton. These caves, which are two in number, called by the natives the Black and the White Caves, are situated in a limestone cliff nine hundred feet in height, which the traveller came on quite suddenly in the centre of the forest. The porch, Mr. Pryer writes, is rather over one hundred feet wide by two hundred and fifty high, and the roof slopes up for one hundred and ten feet more, so that the height of this magnificent natural cathedral is three hundred and sixty feet. The interior of the Black Cave is well lighted, as there is a large circular hole in the roof on the right, and a smaller one on the left, forming two aisles. The walls and roof are rugged, and beautifully colored, shading from black to brown, gray, dark yellow, red, and green. The nests of the bats and swifts were seen hanging in clusters from the sides and roof, and here and there in seemingly the most inaccessible places were the rattan stages, ladders, and ropes of the nest-gatherers. These latter reached their perilous heights by means of many smaller caves in the cliff above. The White Cave is four hundred feet higher up than the Black Cave, and at the entrance to this the nest-gatherers live under a guard of the North Borneo Company's soldiers. After some examination Mr. Pryer was able to discover the material which forms these mysterious nests, and from which they derive the qualities which render them so highly prized in China. They are made from a soft fungoid growth that incrusts the limestone in all damp situations; it grows about an inch thick, outside dark brown, but inside white. The birds make the black nests from the outside layer, and the best quality of white nests are, of course, from the inside. It is taken by the bird in its mouth, and drawn out in a filament backwards and forwards like a caterpillar weaving its cocoon. At nightfall takes place what the natives style with much justice the most wonderful sight in all Borneo, and it might be added, one of the most wonderful sights in the world — viz., the return of the swifts to their nests, and the departure of the bats for the night. About that time a rushing sound was heard, and peering over the abyss into the Black Cave Mr. Pryer saw columns of bats wheeling round and round the sides

in regular order; soon they began to circle up, rising into the air in a corkscrew flight. Having reached a certain height, a detachment would break off and fly away rapidly. He counted nineteen flocks go off like this, each flock consisting of many thousands, and then they commenced to pour away in a continuous stream until it was too dark to see them any longer. Soon after the bats emerged from their cave, the swifts began to return to theirs, first in tens, then in hundreds, and at last they too streamed in continuously, and when the traveller went to sleep at midnight they were still flying in in undiminished numbers. Rising before daylight the following morning, Mr. Pryer witnessed a reversal of the proceedings of the previous night, the swifts going out and the bats coming home. The latter, he says, literally rained into their chasm for two hours after sunrise; looking up to the bright sky, numbers of small specks appear, flash down perpendicularly with great rapidity, and disappear into the darkness. From specimens of the bat which were secured, they were found to be all of one species, the caudal membrane extending only half-way down the tail, which is free for an inch and a half, giving the animal, when the wings are folded up, very much the appearance of a mouse. The wings are very long and narrow, and it flies with great speed. Two species of birds of prey — one a kite, the other a hawk — the *Haliastur indus* and the *Machheramphus alcinus*, prey on the bats and swifts when swarming into and out of the caves. A detailed examination of the latter was rendered disagreeable by enormous quantities of guano, the deposit of centuries. Its depth is not known, but a long spear does not touch the bottom when thrust in to the hilt. All the roof of the dark parts of the cave was occupied by birds who keep up an intermittent twittering, sounding, from the immense number of them, like the surf beating on a rocky shore. Near the centre of the largest cave the explorer was shown a small beam of light from a funnel at the top of the rock, exactly six hundred and ninety-six feet above his head. The nests are gathered from these enormous elevations by means of flexible rattan ladders and stages. On these two men take their station; one carries a light four-pronged spear about fifteen feet long, and just below the prongs a lighted candle is fixed. Holding on to the ladder with one hand, the spear is managed with the other, and the nest transfixed, a slight push detaching it from the rock. The spear is then

withdrawn until the head is within reach of the second man, who takes the nest off the prongs and puts it in a pouch carried at the waist. According to statements made by the headman of the place, the annual value of the nests taken varies from five to six thousand pounds sterling. This, it is to be presumed, means the value on the spot; their value on reaching China must be far higher. The caves have been worked for several generations without any apparent diminution, although three crops are gathered in the year. Notwithstanding the dangerous nature of their occupation—for even samphire-gatherers work in the open—accidents are very rare amongst the natives employed in collecting the nests. There is an almost inexhaustible supply of guano in the caves, and the number of bats and swifts in them is so enormous that if they are undisturbed a regular quantity may be taken out yearly. Should the visitor to the Health Exhibition who obtains some of this far-famed and mysterious soup have little relish for it, as is not unlikely, he will at any rate have the satisfaction of knowing that he has before him a dish the principal ingredient of which was formed by the little swifts and bats which inhabit the Gomanton Caves in the centre of the magnificent tropical forests of North Borneo. There is probably no other article of food in the Health Exhibition, or in all Europe, more extraordinary in the mode of production, or in the method and circumstances under which it is obtained.

From The Spectator.

CROOKED ANSWERS.

WITHIN the compass of two short articles in *Macmillan*, under the title of "Divisions of a Pedagogue," Mr. Raven gave to the world such a delightful and well-assorted collection of schoolboy blunders as it would be hopeless to attempt to rival. It is at present our purpose merely to supplement these with a few specimens of the inaccuracy of some of their sisters, over whom it was the writer's lot at one time to preside in the capacity of "gerund-grinder," to borrow Carlyle's phrase. Entertaining as these answers have often been, the general impression left has been that in the quality of reckless daring, boys are as yet far ahead of girls. Certainly, as far as the faculty of diverting the pedagogue goes, Plato's distinction between the powers of men and women as one of degree only, seems to hold good. Or it

may be that as yet the fewer numbers and greater earnestness of female students account for the comparative dearth of *bon-mots*.

There are some blunders which approximate unconsciously to a joke, and to this category belong the following samples: *Q.* What is the feminine of *senex*? *A.* *Seneca*. *Q.* Give the genitive and English of *grus*. *A.* *Gruntis*, a pig. It often happens that the new pronunciation, spite of incontestable merits, is, nevertheless, a fruitful source of error, while we continue, when naming the vowels, to employ the English method. Thus, we spell *emi* [the perfect of *emo*] *ee*, *em*, *i*, but pronounce it *aymee*. So it is entirely to sounding the *c* hard that the following literal rendering must be attributed, "*Quem . . . demisere neci*" (*Æneid* II.), "They hanged him by the neck." Virgil has at all times afforded wide scope for mistranslations; and to a young lady of a musical turn it no doubt seemed the most natural thing in the world to translate, ("*Epytides*) *signum dedit insonuitque flagello*," "Gave the signal and sounded his flageolet." It is not unreasonable to suppose that an imposing equipage was present to the mind of another pupil who rendered "*Hannibal quadrato agmino venerat*," "Hannibal had come with a four-fold van."

In one department, however—that of malaprops—girls undoubtedly bear the palm. Sheridan was true to nature in representing a woman as the most perfect exponent of this peculiar figure of speech, and it was from an intellectual descendant of that entertaining character that the following specimens emanated. Speaking of the treatment of Roman slaves, she remarked, "Once they mutilated [mutinied], but it did no good." And again, in the course of some discursive lucubrations on the life and character of Pope, "Not many perhaps, excepting Dennis, ventured to attack him, except anomalously."

Lewis Carroll gave quaint utterance to a real truth in his explanation of sundry vocables in his immortal "Alice," as being portmanteau words. There is a hazy, ill-defined image floating about, and a fancied similarity or false analogy is all that is required to produce some such result as the following: *Q.* What were the points of dispute at the Synod of Whitby? *A.* (*inter alia*) The tonicid (obviously a mixture of tonsure and Dunciad). The next blunder, again, is an excellent instance. Minucius was described as "Hannibal's (*sic*) horse-bearer," the

girl having confused the two titles of "standard-bearer," and "master of the horse," without in the least intending to ascribe such Herculean powers to the officer in question, as the appellation might seem to imply. Two definitions may suffice to complete this collection of schoolgirl blundering: *Q.* Who were the non-jurors? *A.* Non-jurors were those who would not or could not be jurymen. *Q.* What is an Agnostic? *A.* A sort of riddle. We doubt whether at present any girl could perpetrate such astounding blunders as the rendering of "*Ultrò pollicitus est quod antea negaverat*," by "He promised to the uncle what he had refused to the aunt;" or that of "*remigio alarum*," by "in the midst of alarms." We are inclined to believe that Latin is not yet a sufficiently familiar subject in girls' schools to breed the contempt or neglect requisite for the commission of such enormities.

While on the subject of mistranslations, it may perhaps be allowable to introduce a notable instance of the result of using a "crib" not wisely but too well. An undergraduate having been put on in *viva voce* to construe Livy, boldly started off, "Hitherto, the Carthaginian General," etc., to the great bewilderment of his examiners, inasmuch as there was no proper name in the text. Eventually it transpired that in the translation, which he had employed so assiduously as to know in great measure by heart, the first word of every chapter was printed in capitals; and he was thus beguiled, on the analogy of such words as "*Himilco*," into mistaking an English adverb "Hitherto" for a Carthaginian proper name. A desperate love

of taking "shots" rather than own to ignorance is the cause to which some of the most delightful errors are due. Here are two or three examples: "*Odora canum vis*," "a strong doggy smell." *Q.* What English word is derived from Phasis (the river)? *A.* Facsimile. *Q.* What was the sound of the Greek digamma? *A.* Like a big drum. Our last specimen is perhaps out of place in a collection of mistranslations and crooked answers; but we trust our readers will find in the following verses enough intrinsic merit to warrant their intrusion. They were written in perfect good faith by a little boy of ten years old in response to the (in our opinion) somewhat ill-advised request of his master that he and his form-fellows should all write poems on the Taybridge disaster:—

Now it nears the dreadful place,
Death is staring in its face,
But wince not, budge not, gallant stoker,
Near the fire stand with your poker.

Now the wind blows loud and strong,
Shaking all the bridge along,
But wince not, budge not, etc.

Then there comes an awful crash,
And with it a dreadful smash,
But wince not, budge not, etc.

Down sinks the train into the deep,
Many gentle mothers weep,
But wince not, budge not, etc.

On the next day were divers sent,
On bringing up dead bodies bent,
But wince not, budge not, etc.

Several bodies there were found,
But every one of them was drowned,
But wince not, budge not, gallant stoker,
Near the fire stand with your poker.

THE MOHAIR TRADE.—In a report upon the commerce of Angora, Vice-Consul Barnham states that the mohair trade of the district is gradually decaying. Ten years ago the greater part of that trade was, he states, in the hands of the Christian natives of Angora, but almost the entire trade is now in the hands of the English. In its present state, however, it offers no profit, but rather entails a loss upon all who engage in it. Cape competition is killing it. The Cape farmer pays no tax for his mohair, whereas the tax on Angora mohair is six piastres per oke. And when to this tax is added the difference in the cost of farming, and in the expense of transit, the Angora exporter, when prices are regulated by Cape competition, gains next to nothing. And this state of things

has reacted upon the import trade of the province. "The Angora mohair merchant purchased mohair at the spring clip, and if he succeeded in disposing of it at a large profit, would at once invest those profits in Manchester goods or Scotch woollen stuffs, for which he always found a large demand both in the towns and outlying villages. Poverty has, however, laid such a hold upon the people here, that there is not one-third of the demand for these goods which existed five or six years ago. The apathy which characterizes trade throughout the province is painful to witness. Merchants remain idle in their shops from morning to night without receiving a single customer."

Economist.